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EVENING CLOUDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The roseate clouds of evening!
We deem them wondrous bright,
Those types of earthly grandeur
With their reflected light.
Their splendor flamed from heaven
More radiant to us seem—
To eye-seekers only mortal—
Than heaven's own golden gleams.

We fail to think that glory,
Whose brightness is divine,
Would strike the eye with blindness
Which looked upon his shrine.
We only see the beauty
Our eyes would fain behold,
Behind life's misty curtain,
Its border tinged with gold.

Ah! thus we madly worship
The mask which brightness wears,
And turn with eyes all dimmed,
When he his radiance bears:
Thus too we sing our praise
At earthly glory's shrine,
And thoughtless whences 'tis borrowed,
Rejoice the hand divine.

MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

THREE WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

A woman sat at the grand piano singing,
and a man leaned over her, his thoughtful face
resting upon one white hand.

A pale, fair woman, with yellow hair and
violet blue eyes, and features like a marble
statue of the Madonna. A tall man, with a
quiet, grave face, and a dignified bearing.
It was Captain Lucius Warren and his cousin
Julia.

"Never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming over of thee,
Fondly I'm dreaming over of thee."

sang the woman, and as she sang a warm
color flushed her white cheeks, and a liquid
light shot into her restless blue eyes. But
Captain Warren, though he seemed to be
looking at her, did not see it, nor did he hear
the passionate earnestness that she threw
into the words. But a quiver of pain passed
over his face, and a long sigh, almost a sob,
shook his whole frame. He turned from the
piano and threw himself down upon the soft
crimson sofa at the opposite side of the
room, and shaded his eyes from the glare of
the gaslight with one pale hand. Julia
Warren ran her fingers lightly over the white
keys for a moment, and then rising, she
crossed over and knelt down at the side of
the sofa.

"Lute!"

"Well, cousin?"

"What is the matter? Does the old
wound ache?"

"Yes, the old wound aches."

She leaned so low over him that his dark
locks touched her white forehead.

"But I thought that he had healed up,
Lute, long ago, and would not trouble you
any more."

He uncovered his eyes and smiled gravely
in the white face so near him.

"Cousin Julia," he began, taking one
slender hand in his; but she interrupted him,
with a little gesture of impatience.

"Why need you always, without fail,
prefix 'Cousin' to my name? You seem
fearful that I will forget the relationship."

"Well, are you not my cousin?"

"Only second cousin at the nearest, and
I am not likely to forget it if you do not
cast it in my teeth every hour in the day."

Strange that he did not understand the
bitterness of words and tone, but he did not.

"Very well, then," Julia, minus the coaxing,
it shall be hereafter if you desire it. I surely
shall not refuse to do what few things lie in
my power, trivial though they are, toward
conducting to the happiness of the dearest
and best little woman in the world: one who
has been so untiring in her attentions to me,
so kind and good to me always."

He was stroking her soft, slender hand
while he spoke, and did not see the almost
unearthly expression of joy that transfigured
her face for one moment.

"Where is it that the old wound aches,
Lute?" she said, after a little silence.

"Here," pressing one hand lightly upon his
shoulder, "where the ball went in, or where
it was taken out."

Another quivering sigh heaved the man's
broad breast.

"You forget, Julia, that I bear about me
more wounds than one. The one made by a
ball from a foe's musket has healed over
and does not trouble me, save by a little
tenderness. The one made by a cruel mes-
sage from a heartless coquette has never
healed over, but aches horribly night and
day."

A sudden and curious change passed over
the fair face of the woman by the sofa, and
a mingled expression of anger, misery and
despair settled upon the countenance that
was radiant with joy but a moment before.

"Oh! Lute, how can you mourn for her
now?"

"Because it is my nature to be constant,



"I HAVE STAKED ALL, AND LOST."

Julia. Once loving, I love forever, even if
my love were misplaced. With all my heart
and soul and strength, with every power of
my being I loved Minnie Cresswell, and I
cannot forget her."

"But, Lute, she was so treacherous, so
heartless, so fickle, and she may be—nay, in
all probability is, the wife of another now."
"I know all that, Julia. A few days since
I saw in a New York paper that Carl De
Wolf and his accomplished wife were about
to start out upon a tour through Europe.
Undoubtedly that wife is Minnie, as she
jilted me for him. Yet do you think this
knowledge has killed the love I felt for her?
Would to God I could forget her, but I fear
it will never be. The old scenes remind me
so constantly of the days I spent here with
her. Chicago is worse than a desert to me,
and I am going away for a while."

"Going away!" Such a pitiful, grief-stricken
sigh rang in her voice, but Lucius
Warren heard only surprise.

"Yes, if I could go back to my regiment
I would gladly do so, but this useless life
arm denies me that privilege. So I am going
down into the country a hundred miles or so.
Father has an old friend down in Wis-
consin, a farmer. I remember visiting
there once, years ago, when I was a boy.
The families have drifted apart, but I am
going to hunt the place out and step there
while this summer. Perhaps the country
air will quicken my sluggish blood a little,
and bring back the strength I sorely need.
If I find no change for the better after a
month or two, I shall take a trip out west,
and I may not return for a year."

"So long, oh Lute! but you will write to
me?"

"Certainly, cousin mine. Did I ever fail
in that duty? Did I not write to you every
week of my army life, and sometimes oftener,
until I was wounded? I shall write you
often, and shall expect prompt answers to
my letters."

But Julia was back at the piano again,
with her back to him, to hide the bitter
tears that she could not restrain, and her
hands fell almost unconsciously into a
mournful funeral dirge.

"Oh! horrors, Julia, don't play any more
of that mournful thing," Lucius cried, after
listening a few moments. "Why, it sends
the cold shivers all down my back to hear
you. It sounds like the dying wail of a
despairing heart."

It was almost that, but he did not suspect
it. Two days later, Captain Warren bid his
parents and cousin farewell, and took the
noon train for W—

"Dear boy, I hope he will be happier and
healthier when he returns," his lady mother
said, watching him down the street, with a
mist of tears in her eyes. "He needs
change, but we shall miss him sadly."

And Julia Warren, sitting at her window
with pallid face and throbbing brain, thought
her heart would break with its weight of
misery.

"I have surely now drained the last drop
of the cup of woe," she wailed, wringing
her snow white hands. "After all that I
have done, all that I have staked, to see him
go with only a light word of farewell. Surely
I have lost the last hope now, and there can
be no bitterer drop than this."

But there was a bitterer drop left yet, and
she had not lost all hope, as she thought.
Women often endeavor to cheat their own
hearts, saying: "I have given up all hope
now; I expect nothing, knowing it would be
better so, while hope yet clings madly upon
the heart strings, and will not let go."

But of Lucius Warren's absence, let his
own letters speak:

"I wish you could see these level prairies,
with their ripening harvests of wheat and
corn," he wrote in June, three weeks after
his departure. "My eyes can see scores of
miles, I had almost said, in every direction,
as I sit writing. I feel better and stronger
already. I am stopping with William Alden—
the old friend whom I told you of. There
is only himself and wife, and two children;
a son, near my own age—and a pretty little
blond of a daughter, still in her teens.
They live in a rambling old farm-house, and
the surrounding country is delightful. I can
fish and hunt, at pleasure; and Mr. Alden
has a horse which is at my disposal—so I
manage to enjoy myself extremely well.
They are plain, hardworking people, not in
the least of worldly circumstances, and seem
nothing loth to take a boarder. I shall
doubtless remain here a portion of the sum-
mer at least."

In August he wrote:
"I have just returned from a pleasant
jaunt to Milwaukee and Madison. You know
I have often spoken of visiting Madison, the
city of lakes, but have never done so before.
It is a lovely place—deserving all that is
said of it. Lakes Mendota and Monona, or
'Third' and 'Fourth' lakes, as they are
called commonly, are enchanting in their
loveliness. It is quiet and peaceful there,
dispite this tumultuous war which dis-
tresses the whole nation. I stayed but a few
days, yet I was shocked upon my return to
see the change in sweet Kate Alden. She is
a frail girl, threatened with consumption, I
fear, and her health is falling rapidly this
summer. It seems sad to see so young a
girl falling a prey to disease. Her parents
are distressed about her."

Late in September Julia received a letter
wherein he wrote:

"No doubt you will be much surprised at
what I am about to tell you. It is sudden—
but I considered the subject well before de-
ciding as I did. I shall be married the first
week in October, to Kate Alden. The phy-
sicians say there is hope of her recovery, if
she can have a change of atmosphere—can
travel about and see new places and scenes.
I agree with them—but her parents cannot
afford the expense her journeying about
would necessarily put them to; so the girl
is in danger of a premature death for the
want of a few thousand dollars. I see my
duty, and I shall act upon it. I have of-
fered Mr. Alden the loan of any amount, but
Kate could not travel or go away at all with-
out a companion, and her parents cannot
leave the farm at this season."

"Of course, Julia, after what you know
of my past, you will wonder if I love the girl
whom I am about to marry. Yes, I do love
her with a quiet, gentle love, for she is in-
deed a sweet, lovable creature. But the
one great love of my heart, the master pas-
sion of my life, was given to the woman who
repaid it by sending that cruel message—
'Tell him, for I know now that it was but
a rancor—while I was fighting the battles of
her country. The love I felt for her can
never be given to another, yet I have put
my past far away from me, and I feel a
warmer love for this frail little blossom than
I supposed it possible for me to feel for any
woman again. I think I can make the re-
mainder of her life happy."

"We are going down to Milwaukee and
Madison immediately after our marriage;
and after stopping over in the latter place
a few days, shall go on through to St. Paul.
I shall be home some time in November. I
wish you and mother could come down to
my wedding. But you will see my wife in

November—and I know you will love her.
She is very anxious to see Cousin Julia."

But could she have seen "Cousin Julia"
when she read that letter, pretty Kate Alden
would have shrunk from her in alarm. Her
face was deathly white, and the restless
blue eyes fairly blazed like coals of fire. She
bit her lips and clenched her white hands,
till the blood started in both; and then she
burst into a wild paroxysm of tears.

"Father of Mercies," she cried, "pity
me! this is the end, the end! I said I had
no hope left months ago; but I have been
hoping against hope, and now the last blow
has come! I find it horribly hard to give up
my hope. After all that I have done, to
have it end thus! Heavens! what a failure
my life has been."

A man and woman were walking along the
pebbly shores of Lake Mendota one mellow
October day. The tall, grave, handsome
man you might know in a moment was
Captain Warren; and the little, slender,
graceful figure at his side with the sweet
blue eyes and doll face, was his wife, Kate.
They had come to Madison a few days pre-
viously, Kate was enchanted with the place,
and was anxious to prolong their stay; and
Lucius's only wish was to please her. He
they looked, and rode, and walked about
wherever Kate felt strong enough to go.
That day Lucius had hired a carriage, and
they had been driven up State street, and
through the University grounds, where a
magnificent view of the city and lakes can
be obtained. Then Kate said she wanted to
get out of the carriage and walk on the lake
shore awhile. So telling the driver to wait
for them half an hour, Lucius walked down
the path through the young growth of wood
at the right of the University buildings to
the lake beach.

The day was warm and dreamy as June,
and the lake looked like a broad sheet of
glass. Several boats dotted it here and there.

"See how swiftly that boat moves," Kate
said, pointing to a light row-boat, in which
a gentleman and lady were seated. "It
fairly flies toward us. Let us wait till they
land."

A few moments later the occupants of the
boat stood upon the shore a few feet from
Kate and her husband. Kate started for-
ward with a little cry of surprise.

"Why Mrs. Pritchard, can this be you?"

"Not Kate Alden now," she laughed,
blushing. And then turning to Lucius—
"Mrs. Pritchard, this is my husband, Cap-
tain Warren; Lucius, this is the lady whom
you have often heard me speak of. We
lived neighbors in Michigan several years,
and she visited us two years ago."

Here Mrs. Pritchard came up, and was pre-
sented, and the four fell into a pleasant
chat as they strolled along the lake shore.

"Our half hour has been a long one,
Kate," laughed Lucius, "and we must be
retracing our steps, or our driver will leave
us to walk down town."

"Where are you stopping?" Mrs. Pritchard
asked.

"At the Vilas House; and you?"

"At a private house, on Canal street. We
remain in Madison three days, or perhaps a
week longer, until my husband has trans-
acted his business, when we shall go on to
St. Paul. I hope to see you and your wife,
Captain Warren, frequently while we are in
the city. Call on us at Canal street, this
evening, if you can."

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to do so,
if Kate feels well enough. And you speak
of going to St. Paul? Kate and I are going

there soon, and I hope we can make a
party!"

"Indeed! how nice!" cried Mrs. Pritchard.
"Come down this evening, and we
will arrange it. Remember, at Mrs. Jarvis's
on Canal street."

This is Canal street, and this door-plate
bears the name of Jarvis," quoth Captain
Warren, that day evening, as he rang the
bell.

"Is Mrs. Pritchard in?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pritchard was in the parlor;
please walk in."

So Captain Warren and wife were shown
into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard,
who were expecting them.

Mrs. Pritchard was a budget of small talk,
and as amusing as "Punch" or "The Phanny
Fellow." The moments always flew, they
never dragged in her presence.

"Where are the children, Rose and Cleo-
pate? did you leave them at home?" Kate
asked in a pause of the conversation. But
before a reply could be given there was a
ripple of laughter in the hall that sent a
strange, hot thrill through Lucius Warren's
heart, a patter of feet, a rattling of the door
knob, and then the door flew open, and two
children, a boy and a girl, bounded in, fol-
lowed by a young lady. A tall, slender lady,
with peachy cheeks and dazy lips, and
large, quiet brown eyes, half hid by droop-
ing black lashes; and her dark brown hair
that had been curled, now fell about her
shoulders in half curls, half waves, as if
tossed by the wind. Her dress was of
brown linen, and a crimson ornamented
shawl hung from the graceful shoulder.

The children stopped abashed when they
observed the strangers, and the young lady,
with a few unintelligible words of apology,
was turning from the room, when Mrs.
Pritchard arose.

"No, do not leave us, Minnie, till I have
presented you to my friends. Never mind
your dress. I assure you, you look very pic-
turesque, indeed. Captain Warren, Miss
Cresswell—Mrs. Warren, Miss Cresswell.
This has been a day of pleasant surprise,
Minnie. I found that lady and gentleman
down on the Lake Shore by accident to-day,
and Mrs. Warren I recognized immediately
as an old acquaintance. You have heard me
speak of Kate Alden? This is she—now
Mrs. Warren. Then turning to Lucius,
"what induced you to come here upon a wed-
ding tour, Captain Warren? Most people
go East!"

"I know, but I came West, hoping to
benefit my wife's health. Her physicians
advised her to travel through Wisconsin and
Minnesota, and I trust she will be stronger
when we return to Chicago."

"I beg to be excused while I make some
changes in my attire," Miss Cresswell said
with a graceful bow of the head, and arose
and passed out of the room, leading the
children.

"Be sure and come down again, Minnie,"
called Mrs. Pritchard after her, "for I want
you to make the acquaintance of my friends.
They are going to St. Paul with us, and we
must be very sociable."

It had all come about so suddenly, that
there had been no time for a word. And
then arose as not so common in real life
as they are in books. Remissible and well-bred
people do not make a display of their feel-
ings, but on the contrary endeavor to con-
ceal them. No one present suspected that
Captain Warren and Miss Cresswell had ever
met before that night. When Mrs. Pritchard
gave the formal introduction, and Minnie
Cresswell looked into Lucius Warren's eyes
for the first time in almost three years, she
felt as if a great black pit yawned at her
feet, and she bit her tongue to keep from
screaming; and Lucius Warren felt the clasp
of a death cold hand about his heart. Yet
they bowed with a few polite words, and
neither face betrayed any emotion.

"What a beautiful lady!" Kate cried as
soon as Miss Cresswell was out of hearing.

"Who is she, Mrs. Pritchard?"

Mrs. Pritchard smiled. "I knew you
would like her—everybody does. She is a
young lady I have had in my family some
months. She is half companion, half gover-
ness, and well I scarcely know what she is
not to me. I could not do without her now.
She is such an acquisition. So gentle,
amiable, and cultured. My children im-
prove wonderfully under her care, and I,
myself, find that I am deriving benefit from
her society. She is an orphan, I believe,
but there seems to be something painful
connected with her past, and as she de-
sires to avoid the subject, I do not question
her of course. I only know she is a pure,
sweet girl, and one I dearly love."

"She is perfectly beautiful!" cried Kate
with such enthusiasm that Lucius looked at
her in amazement. "I do wish she would
come down again."

But Miss Cresswell did not come down again
that evening. She sent word that she must
be excused, as she was worried out with her
two hours' row upon the lake with the chil-
dren, and felt the need of rest.

Come down to the shore of Lake Men-
dota to-morrow at two P. M.," Mr. Prit-
chard said as Captain Warren and his wife
were to go, and we will all take a boat ride
over to Minnequah—

"Oh yes, let us go, Lucius."

"Certainly, Kate, if you desire it."

So the following golden afternoon the
little party assembled on the shore of Lake
Mendota, and seated themselves in the boat
that Mr. Pritchard had obtained. There was
Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, Captain Warren,
Kate, and Miss Cresswell. The children

WIT

About
Flora
at
St.
Paul.
The
dramatic
scene
was
being
acted
out
in
the
drawing
room
of
the
house
of
the
late
Mrs.
Bartholomew.

"Yes," he said quietly, looking down into the water. "They were awful days and nights. But the first night was the worst. I lay on the battle field, amongst the dead and wounded, all that night, and until late the following morning. It was horrible. The faces of the dear ones at home were so vividly before me, the memory of all that I had left, the happy hours I had spent with them so fresh. It seemed to me I could not die without touching the dear hands again, looking into the dear eyes. I had never been very religious, but I went up my whole soul as I lay there that night in a prayer that I might see my loved ones once more. I prayed for a miracle—I wanted them to come to me right there, and it seemed to me if the morning ever came that I should see them. I was weak from the loss of blood and delicious, and when the morning came I almost wept with disappointment because I could not see them. I lost consciousness before I was removed, and was delivered most of the time for a week after. Yes, it was an awful night, Mrs. Prichard, and I seldom speak of it."

Captain Warren lifted his eyes, and turned them toward the end of the boat where his wife and Miss Cresswell sat, side by side, the one so slender and frail and childlike, the other so fair and graceful and womanly. Kate's head was bent down against the side of the boat, her finger tips in the water, her sweet eyes full of tears. Miss Cresswell was looking out over the lake, her dark eyes wide and luminous with a holy light, her whole face shining with an unearthly beauty.

"My God! how like a beautiful saint she looks," thought Lucius Warren, "and yet how heartlessly cruel and merciless she can be."

Miss Cresswell turned her luminous eyes upon him just then, and for one moment the two looked in each other's face as if each would read the other's heart. But neither read right. The conversation branched off upon some other topic after that, and Miss Cresswell awoke from her reverie and joined with animation, enlivening all with her wit and mirth.

The little party spent half an hour strolling over the lake of Minnequah and gathering the bright-hued autumnal flowers, and then rowed homeward in the mellow light of the waning day.

Kate clung to the side of Miss Cresswell, and seemed unwilling to leave her, and Minnie patted her as she would a child.

"Do you know, Lucius," she said as they walked up Main street after parting from their friends, "that I have fallen in love with Miss Cresswell? She is just my ideal of a perfect woman. I don't know why it is, but I do love her as though she were my own sister, or something very near to me. You are not jealous, are you?"

Lucius looked down in the childish face that was growing fresher and fairer it seemed every day.

"Not at all, little girl," he said, smiling gravely. "Only don't entirely cast me off for this new fancy. She is not a very dangerous rival, I guess."

A few days later the party set out for St. Paul. The dreary, delicious Indian summer weather continued.

How strange that journey seemed to Lucius Warren and Minnie Cresswell. How strange it all seemed to them, how like a dream ever afterward. How strange that Fate had thrown them together again under such circumstances.

These two were not very sociable with one another, though each contributed a large share to the entertainment and enjoyment of the party. But they seldom addressed each other—seldom chatted together. This was Kate's chief worry.

"You do not like Miss Cresswell," she would say. "You do not seem to fancy her at all, and I think it is too bad. I wish you two would be more sociable. I wish I could induce her to come and live with us! but I never need hope for that until you are more sociable."

Dear, unsuspecting Kate! she little dreamed that her husband did not speak often to this fair woman, that he dared not touch her hand, or sit by her side, lest his heart should stray from its allegiance, and his thoughts wander in unlawful paths.

The simple marriage ceremony cannot control a man or woman's thoughts. The heart will keep on loving despite such fetters. Yet unless a check is put upon the mind, if it is allowed to think constantly upon what might have been, and roam at will, there is danger in it, even to the most moral and conscientious. Lucius Warren knew this, and he dared not let himself think too deeply, or be reminded too often of the one dream of his life time. He would not wrong the frail girl-wife who trusted him so fully, even by a thought, if he could help it.

One evening they were all at a Mrs. Bartholomew's—Mrs. Prichard's sister. It was a day or two after they reached St. Paul, and there was quite a little gathering at Mrs. B.'s, it being her only daughter's eighteenth birthday. Of course Captain Warren and wife were invited. Somebody asked Mrs. Bartholomew to sing, and she sat down at the fine piano and then turned to her mother.

"What shall I sing, mamma?"

"Sing my favorite," the mother answered, and after a few liquid notes of prelude the sweet voice broke into song.

"Minnie Minton, in the shadows
I've been waiting here alone,
On the battle's gory meadows
That the scythe of death has mown.
I have waited for your coming
Through the shadows damp and gray,
But I've only heard the drumming
As the armies marched away."

"Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die;

and surrounded,
And I know that I must die;
And I know that I must die;
And I know that I must die;

And I know that I must die;
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"Lucius, do you know that I am dying?"
"Yes, darling."
"I did not know it until a few moments ago, when it came over me all of a sudden. I shall die to-day; how I wish I could see Minnie."

Her parents had been with her several days. They knew she was dying, and came to stay until the end.
Lucius did not answer, only stroked her soft hair.

"Lucius?"
"Well, darling."
"I wish—I know it will sound foolish, but like a sick girl's fancy—but I cannot help wishing you could love Minnie Cresswell, after I die."

"Hush, hush, darling!" Lucius said, hurriedly, a choking sensation in his throat. "I do not want to love anybody but my mother and cousin when you are gone."
"I know, not right away, but you will by-and-by. You cannot always grieve for me—I do not want you to. You will love some other woman, and I do wish it could be Minnie. If I could look down upon my two dearest ones together, it seems to me I should be happier in Heaven. I wish you would try and love her after I die."

Lucius kissed the pale lips, and hushed them to silence.
And she fell into a quiet slumber. That night she died.

Two weeks later Lucius Warren was sailing toward Europe. He flew from America, after the manner of Americans. From England to Ireland, from Ireland to Scotland, from city to city, scarcely resting anywhere. Yet it was almost one year from the day he left Chicago till the day he returned. He had thought of going to Australia, but they wrote for him to return, if he desired to see Julia alive. She had been fading away, day by day, for more than a year. Now she was confined to her bed, and her physicians said she could not live long.

What a white, ghastly face it was that Lucius bent over and kissed. How the great restless blue eyes burned and gazed in their hollow sockets, and then overflowed with tears.

"Oh, you have come!" she cried, winding her arms about his neck, and clinging to him with wild devotion. "I have longed for you, darling. Kiss me once again, twice again, for you will spare me after you hear what I have to tell."

He thought her wandering, but kissed her silently. She clung to him, her head upon his breast, and when he put her away, and lay back upon the pillows.

"Now I will tell you," she said, "for I want it all over. It wears on me so. I have been acting a lie to you, Lucius, all these months and years. I have ruined your happiness in this world, and deceived you, and acted a lie. Minnie Cresswell never was heartless, and cruel, and untrue to you. She never cared for Carl De Wolf. You did not know it, but her father was shot for desertion, after you enlisted. I knew that you did not know it, yet I told her that you had written to me that you never could marry the daughter of a deserter; that you could not disgrace yourself by such an alliance, and you bitterly regretted your engagement, and should break it if possible. She almost fainted when I told her this, but she rallied after a moment, and blazed out in a white heat, 'Tell him I despise him; tell him I regret ever having fancied I loved him,' she said, 'for I know now that he is not worthy even my contempt.' Then I wrote you this message, modified somewhat, and yet she was so full of the situation of a wealthy Frenchman, Carl De Wolf, and desired to break her engagement with you, without any display of words or letters, and had asked me to send the message. It was a lie. Carl De Wolf admired her, but she never encouraged his attentions. I thought you would forget her after this."

"But my God!" cried Lucius, wringing his hands in awful agony, "what was your object, what was your aim in this, O, Lucius! Heaven! I ask me that! O, Lucius! I tell you I never make you see—must I tell you with my own lips, that I love you, love you, love you? that I would sell my soul to Satan if I could buy your love with it! That the thought of your making any other woman your wife almost crazed me. Heaven, what have I not suffered, what have I not done! and all in vain, all in vain. I have staked all, and lost."

She fell back panting and exhausted with the violence of her emotion. Lucius did not upbraid her, did not speak one word of censure. His soul was wrung with anguish, yet he pitied her so from the bottom of his heart, that he could not speak bitterly. He was glad that he did not, when he went to her bedside, two hours later, and found her sleeping the eternal sleep. She had passed away without a struggle.

One week later, Lucius Warren was speeding on his way to Michigan. He was going to Minnie Cresswell. He found the residence of Mr. Prichard, in Adrian, with little difficulty. At the door he inquired if Miss Cresswell resided there.

"Yes, Miss Cresswell resided there."

"Was she in?"

"Yes, in the library."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Then Captain Warren desired to be shown in. She sat by a small table, busily engaged in sorting papers, when he entered. She rose with a little smothered cry of surprise.

"Captain Warren!"

"Yes, Minnie, it is I, after all this long time, come to clear myself in your eyes. I bring the confession of a dying woman. Julia is dead, and this is what she told me, two hours before she died." And he told her the story, word for word.

"And to think how I have loved you all these months and years; how I have suffered, and all through this. But it is righted at last. Oh, Minnie, dear Minnie, if it is not too late—if I only dared hope you had not forgotten the love you once felt for me!"

He looked in her face pleadingly, beseechingly.

She turned her dark, luminous eyes upon him.

"God only knows," she said, in her sweet, low voice, "how I have always loved you—how I do love you now. But it is too late. Late. I have been the promised wife of Godfrey Young—Mrs. Pittchard's brother—almost three months. We are to be married in the summer. I had put all thoughts of you away. I had not forgotten you—that were impossible, but I felt it to be wrong to dream over that bright past, or wish for what could never be. So I put my past away, and shut the door. Godfrey Young is a good, noble man. He has long loved me. I told him I respected and esteemed him highly, and if he could be satisfied with that, I would be his wife. I might grow to love him; I may still, though heaven knows it will be hard, after this. But I

have given him my word, and must not break it. It is too late to bridge over the past, Captain Warren."

"Minnie, Minnie, you cannot mean that!"

"But I do, Lucius! You must see that it is the only way for me to do. Now leave me, is Heaven's name. I am glad to know that you were not untrue to me, but we must part, must never meet again. Now go."

The crimson curtain that hung before the deep bay window stirred, was pushed aside, and a man stepped forth. A blond-headed man with a flowing blonde beard, and a sweet, tender, yet firm mouth.

"No, he must not go, Minnie," he said gently. "Pardon me for having been innocently an eaves-dropper. I came here an hour ago to read, and fell asleep over my book. I was awakened by your voices, and have heard enough of your conversation to understand the circumstances. I do love you dearly, Minnie, as you say, and have long loved you. I love you too well to see your happiness sacrificed to my selfishness, or your own overwrought ideas of honor and duty. This man loves you—you love him. He has the first and best right to you. Mine is but secondary. You have both suffered enough, God knows. Be happy now, and he placed her hand in Lucius's."

"No, do not speak, and do not pity me; I shall find ways to be happy. The world is full of sunshine, and I shall find it. I am not misanthropic. Captain Warren, God bless you! I hope to be a welcome guest at your home, in the days to come."

The two men clasped hands, and then Godfrey Young went out, and left them alone.

And so Kate's dying wish was granted. And, if angels do look down upon the dear ones left behind, as she fancied, she can look upon her two dear ones together, as she hoped to.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1871.

HALF A CENTURY.

If our readers will look at the dates on the first page of this week's paper, they will see that this is the FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE POST, it having been begun on August 4, 1821, and published, according to our count, 2810 numbers.

If we may believe the kind words of our friends and subscribers, THE POST never was fuller of life and vigor, and more interesting than it is now. And we hope to maintain always its established reputation for excellence, and when our hands and eyes fail, to pass the editorial staff over to those who will still preserve its oldest position in the front rank of the American weekly press.

SALT LAKE CITY.—It is only fair to say, in reference to Justin McCarthy's "Lecturer at Salt Lake," published in THE POST last week, that so far as he describes Salt Lake City as a dirty and squalid place, he manifests either great ignorance or great prejudice.

A lady friend of ours, who is no friend to Polygamy, who has but recently returned from a tour to California, says that she met with no clearer, nicer-kept town in her absence than Salt Lake City. Truth is truth, and Mr. McCarthy has weakened and not strengthened the force of his article, by stating that which so many know to be incorrect.

Flora.—Whence came the fleet? or using the language of the Evolutionists, through what chain of being can we trace the flea to its origin? Some trace the descent of flea from a remote and very unsavory origin, but we will rest content with a more romantic legend.

Amongst the Kurds, a tradition is preserved that when Noah's ark sprang a leak, by striking against a rock in the vicinity of Mount Sindhur, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so, and the serpent, coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture, and stopped the leak. When the pluvius element was appeased, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfillment of the pledge he had received; but Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committied the serpent to the flames, and scattering its ashes in the air, there arose out of them fleas, lice, bugs, and all such sort of vermin as prey upon human blood.

The "Howe" family in the United States are to have a gathering at South Framingham, Mass., August 31st. The sewing machine Howes will probably be prominent.

A Wisconsin lady, Miss Terry, has reached the excessive age of one hundred and four, which has caused it to be said—of course by a newspaper man—that she is an ancient my-my-ty.

The Washington Star thinks De Tocqueville was of no account as an "intervener." In his work on Democracy in America he wrote concerning "interventions" held with prominent Americans: "All those confidential communications were recorded by me as I received them; but they will never go beyond my portfolio. I prefer to weaken the effect of my statements, than to add my name to the list of travellers who repay by mortification and embarrassment the generous hospitality they have received."

WHERE'S MRS. STANTON?—The last wrinkle of the insurance companies is their refusal to insure families against accidents on railroads and steamboats. The excuse of the companies is that, when an alarm of fire is raised on a railroad car or steamboat, the ladies are usually thrown into such a state of terror that accidents are almost sure to follow; and that the losses in the past, under this head, have been very much greater than the gains. Risk against killing outright they still accept, while declining to insure against partial injury.

Papa, is a vice one of those strong iron things that takes hold with such a grip, and gets tighter and tighter at every turn until it crushes? "Yes, my son, and if you are wise you will keep out of them."

A druggist in New Hampshire threatened the local paper with a suit for putting an "a" in the place of an "e" in his advertisement of grape pills.

THE INEVITABLE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

Reck, reck, reck! Is there such a thing for the human? Can it be found among the humes? Every life has its reign of selfishness; sometimes its era, often a wide-sweeping Gethsemane, with rare and fitful dashes of sunlight; then the soul is in Paradise.

There are beings so happily constituted as to possess a superfluity of buoyancy; such may struggle even through midnight, and yet the few stars that break through the blackness to illumine their hearts and souls and faces, that the world calls them "blessed." Then there are those defiant, stoical, skeptical beings, who have been ground and ground till the heart itself is a millstone. Gloomy and solitary, having sympathy, trusting none, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, scorning the sunshine doled to them in pittance, dark as Lucifer—they hug their grimaces to their hearts, teaching themselves and the world to believe them dead to every tender impulse, every desire for affection; despising the voice that whispers "forget," and yet not daring to rake up the dead leaves of the past, lest they find a bright or a fadeless flower; neither accepting nor trying to rise above it, they defy; and surely this is but another form of serfdom to the inevitable.

Then again there are those whose sad eyes and white, worn faces speak to us over of a life of tears and bondage to grief, with a burden on their backs, a wall on their lips, take not ever the sackcloth from their hearts and lives. Be the few lines that creep through the dark roof ever so golden; be the few ripples that sparkle above the tidal wave ever so abeying; be the flowers that peep through the jutted cliffs ever so peerless; and yet stare them over so indignant, they see all through an opaque glass.

Yet there come to all, times when our eyes must follow the inevitable; while the wheel rolls on heavy and crushing, gathering burden after burden and crow after crow, we are bound to open the heart-leaves and read what bows our heads low in the dust. There come to all times when the heart and soul grow weary and sick; when the conviction is forced upon us that somewhere else we find rest, somewhere else that tumult comes not. Oh! the unfathomable mystery of life. Know the world, comprehend the human; it is but unbarring the gates to the great highway of multiplied weals and perils. Seek knowledge; it is but learning the secrets of evil and its concomitant suffering; it is taking the anguish-bitterness of sin's dower to us, not always by experience, but in the consciousness that there exists that which we would not.

And must this be? Is there no remedy? Must we grasp the night flower of ignorance, or else bear ever upon our brows the impress of pain? Must we be chained to the flesh? Dare we not look on evil, unless we err? Dare we not know the follies and inconsistencies of the human unless we stumble? Must we be held helpless and powerless, lest we fall? Must we walk blindfold, fettered and mute, lest we waste through the slough of wrong—human weakness? Must we be so wedded to grief and sorrow, losses and crosses, that we cannot raise our eyes to the cold, radiant splendor that gleams from the far-off Isle of Avalon? Is there nothing higher, nothing nobler for God's children? Yes! With His guidance and our own strength of soul and will and purpose, we may bury the sorrow of our lives and from its ashes and deadness will spring rare and radiant flowers, whose every white leaf turned heavenward will bear the impress of peace. Yes, possessing the amulet of true faith and true purity the soul is sentinel over the body; but this is not of earth, but alone from God. With a sure hope of a Beyond, a sure promise of the Eternal, we may have all the honor and renown that the true and earnest worker desires, and it is well, and it is happiness; but having all the glory the world can give and having not the Refuge, having no hope of a blessed immortality, having not the "peace that cometh from God," what have we? Nothing! And what have we after "life's fitful fever" has burned?

Good Means no Trifle.

One of the most fatal mistakes that I know of in household economy is a neglect of, or indifference to, the influence of little things. "Oh, it's only a trifle," is a saying, which, noted on, has wrecked the comfort of many a home.

It was a trifling fault in Mrs. Tilt's servant, which her mistress was too much occupied to remonstrate against, remedy, or prevent, that she seldom put the kettle lid on close and tight, so that the water became smoky; and poor Mr. Tilt, a delicate man, unwilling to annoy his otherwise excellent wife by complaining of trifles, often was unable to relish his breakfast. Unrefreshed, and therefore uncomfortable, he began his long day's desk-work at his office in the city, and wondered at his feeling sinking, and yet with no appetite for food at mid-day. He must have something; a little stimulant will set him right, he thinks, and he is him working power for awhile, and so the daily drama becomes a daily necessity, and then it loses its effect unless increased, and Mr. Tilt loses his relish for solid food, and becomes thinner and weaker every day, until people exclaim: "Desk-work is killing poor Tilt."

"I wish he could eat such a breakfast as I do," says a vigorous man, quite as old and as hard-worked as Tilt. Tilt might have answered, had he seen the well-spread and well-served breakfast-table of his acquaintance: "I wish I had such a breakfast to eat."

Tea, coffee, or cocoa, smoking, not smoky. Good appetizing bread and butter, wholesome, well-cooked, well-served simple relishes to promote the appetite at the cheery morning meal, send the consumer out on his brisk walk to business so satisfied and well, that the toils of the day are cheerfully encountered, healthy appetite at accustomed hours comes, and night finds him wearied, certainly, but not exhausted. Surely any cause that spoils the appetite for breakfast is not really a trifle.

Sea-bathing is a valuable tonic if properly taken, unless there is too much debility.

One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and becoming the turning point of a speaking distance, she whispered to a speaking distance, "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God, he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

ON SILVER WINGS.

By the Author of "Joyce Dever's Story."

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS PYECROFT'S INVITATIONS.

Whenever a stranger appeared at Broadmead, there was an immediate round of festivities. It made a pleasant change in the visiting circle.

Whether the amusement to be obtained was great or not, no one in Broadmead, excepting Jasper Seaton, ever thought of declining an invitation. There could be no prior engagement pleaded, society being too limited to allow of more than one re-union on the same evening.

Therefore, when invitations were sent out, it was with a moral certainty of their being accepted—Jasper Seaton alone giving the excitement of a doubt in the matter.

"I hope that Jasper Seaton will not decline," said Miss Pyecroft, as she sealed her last note; for Miss Pyecroft continued to seal her notes with the seal ring once belonging to her father, and which bore on its corollary surface the arms of the family.

"There's not much fear," observed Miss Letty; "he's been going everywhere lately, since Di has visited. They are wonderfully good friends now; and she walks about with him as much as she used to do with Mr. Carteret."

"I should not be surprised if, after all, she marries Jasper," said Miss Sophia.

"No, I," answered Letty; "unless she's only flirting."

"Do you think the Signora would come?" asked Miss Sophia. "She never goes anywhere, and is so shy with every one except Diana."

"She is never invited anywhere. Besides, when I decide upon a thing, it is usually accomplished," responded Miss Pyecroft, automatically.

And Miss Pyecroft retiring to her business room, Miss Sophia and Miss Letty proceeded further to discuss the merits of their sister's scheme, and to await with anxiety the answer from the Manor House. Mrs. Seaton always sent a reply at once; therefore there was not much delay, as the distance between Briery House and the Manor House was inconsiderable.

Mrs. Seaton's answer was favorable. Di would come, and Jasper would come.

"And there was just as much chance of Diana's declining as of Jasper's, if we had only thought of it," said Miss Sophia. "She's as full of whims as ever; and I really don't think she's been quite herself ever since Mr. Carteret went."

"She has been quieter," answered Miss Letty; "and she has been regularly to church."

"So has Jasper."

"Yes; I wonder why. I always supposed that he was an atheist. He did not come to church for years."

"Perhaps Di's example," said Miss Sophia.

Miss Letty looked thoughtful.

"I think, if I were a girl, I should prefer Mr. Carteret. There is something very kind and gentle about him."

At this crisis, Miss Pyecroft, with her bonnet on, was seen walking down the garden path.

"Rebecca is going to invite Signor Neri and his sister. I wonder if she will come," exclaimed Miss Sophia.

"I am afraid not; she's too shy."

"I wonder what the Crawfords and Mrs. Seaton will think of it."

"They can't think anything wrong that Rebecca does."

"No."

And Miss Pyecroft proceeded on her mission.

Whether she would have succeeded in it if Diana had not been there, is doubtful; but Diana, having worked Jasper round to a better appreciation of the Neri's, was at the present moment bent upon making every one else appreciate them also. Not that she set any value upon any one in Broadmead, but she had conceived the design of placing the Neri on what she deemed their proper footing in society.

"Which you won't do, Di," said Jasper, after having listened patiently to a long exordium in praise of her friends. "It isn't in the constituted nature of things."

"Then it ought to be."

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity, Di," said Jasper, laughing. "You are a regular little red republican. You will get turned out of Broadmead society yourself instead of advancing others in it."

concluded, in a burst of illogical summing up, "no worse than any one else."

Jasper Seaton, in spite of the contending feelings within him, could not forbear smiling.

"You are not much of a reasoner, Di."

"You what I say is true. I always think that there is something untrue in a great deal of the reasoning that sounds very plausible."

Again something in her speech touched Jasper, for a quick shade of annoyance passed over his countenance.

"You are growing better, Jasper. I am quite sure that you are," she said consolingly. "You have been so different since Madame de Moulins died. I think death makes us all better, in some way that I cannot explain. Madame de Moulins was very good. Perhaps she watches you now."

And Di looked dreamily into space, as though it needed but the touch of an invisible finger to read the veil that kept the dead from sight.

Jasper turned away. There was something that evidently distressed him in the tone the conversation had taken. And Diana regretted having mentioned the name of his sister, of whom he had been very fond.

"Perhaps, if Anne had lived, I should have been better," he said, abruptly. "I don't think that her death has helped me much." And he left Diana trying to recollect what she could have said that had not palpably disturbed Jasper—but to no avail.

There was certainly a change in Jasper. He had softened very much—his temper was more under control; and he had endeavored to smooth down the asperities of Mrs. Seaton, who had lately grown exceedingly irritable. He had even defended John Carteret in her constant attacks of him; but, somehow, his defense always broke down, and John Carteret always left a little through his arguments. Still Diana felt that he meant kindly; and though she knew that he regarded John Carteret's declining the settlement, and his offer to free Diana from her engagement, with suspicion, yet he had never said anything disagreeable to her upon the subject, his views being more shadowed forth than openly declared. Then, too, Jasper, if he pleased, could make himself very agreeable, even fascinating. Those who disliked him most did him this injustice. Miss Pyecroft herself, though she was usually at war with him, had acknowledged, on one or two occasions, that Jasper Seaton could make himself as pleasant as most people if he only chose, and that it was a great pity that he was not aware how popular he might make himself with very little trouble.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIANA AND THE SIGNORA.

"Carissima, I cannot go."

"But you have accepted, Signorina."

"I tried with my full heart to say no, carissima; but that woman terrible did insist that she would not hear it. And Giuseppe, it is no more pleasure to him than to me."

"Ah! but what shall I do if you are not there? I shall have no pleasure then, and I have been dreaming all night of the party. If you do not go, I will not go either. I will go up now to Miss Pyecroft, and tell her that we have all changed our minds."

Signor Neri smiled.

"That might be worse, Orsola," said he, turning to his sister; "for then would arrive your Miss Pyecroft terrible, and would what she calls argue the point, than which is nothing more fatal to one's peace."

"Of course she would, maestro; and she would stay for hours and hours, until she made you see that it was the most necessary thing in the world for you to go; and so you would go in the end, after having endured the long lecture; and, therefore, you may just as well go without having it. What are you going to wear, Signorina?" And she faced suddenly round upon her friend.

"I do not know."

And Signora glanced down at her long black dress.

"I wear but one kind," she said.

"Yes," replied Diana, "but you are not open to wear that this evening. You must open some of your old trunks, and bring out the treasures that are lying there."

Signora Neri shook her head.

"Please me, please me. Every one that loves me, please me. And there are not many, Signorina."

"I do, carina."

"And therefore I may go with you, and find the wonderful dress that is hidden under folds of soft paper; and you will let me be like the fairy godmother who made Cinderella all ready for the ball? Maestro, have I not your permission to make the Signorina do everything I wish her to do?"

The old man smiled.

"No one can withstand madamigella," he answered; "she ever has her way."

"And I will sing my best to-night, though there will be no one to care for it but you and Jasper. And I will play the accompaniment to your violin to perfection; I can if I like. The inspiration will come into my fingers—it is there already, maestro—listen!"

And she ran over a brilliant prelude on the piano. "Is not that good? I am in heart and tone to-day."

"Bravissima!—it is divine!" said Signor Neri, his eyes glistening.

"Yes, we will have a little concert to ourselves, maestro. We can play ourselves into the seventh heaven, far above the stupid people at the party; and we shall lead her part of our wings, so that she may mount up with us. There is a new life for music in me to-day. Listen again; and, placing her hand on Signor Neri's shoulder, she burst forth:

"Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of virgin white; Angels ever bright and fair, Take, oh! take me to your care."

"I shall sing that to-night, maestro."

opened the box and caught sight of the folds of a black velvet dress. "Signorina, I believe that you have been putting it at the top, so that you may have no trouble about it this evening."

"Indeed—but, carissima," answered Signora Neri, earnestly, "it has been there always. But it is too old a fashion."

"Not in the least. It is foreign—it will look distinguished. You could not have your dresses in the fashion of Miss Pyecroft or Mrs. Crawford. It would be entirely out of taste. Imagine yourself in Miss Pyecroft's black satin and bust cap! What would you look like?"

And overcome with the thought, Diana sank down laughing by the side of the huge trunk.

"I should look droll," answered the Signora.

"Yes, my maestro would scarcely know you. No, this dress is much more graceful, and this lace is exquisite. I shall put some round the throat and sleeves. It is like Vandyke's lace. Signorina, you will look like a picture."

"It is from Venice," said Signora Neri, looking with slightly awakened interest into the trunk. "So also the fan. Ah! that bracelet—it is long since I did place it on my arm."

"It must go to-night; and I shall try to find a red rose in the conservatory—or a carnation might do. You will be like a Florentine or a Venetian picture. I shall think you have walked into the room from some old Italian gallery."

And Diana rapidly set aside the things that struck her fancy.

"Not the fan, carissima—it is too cold to-day."

"Oh, that is not of the slightest consequence; the fan is in keeping with the costume."

"You do forget, carina, that I am an old woman."

"Quite, Signorina," replied Diana. "You have something that makes perpetual youth in you. It is only such people as Miss Pyecroft who grow old. It is the material world that batters us so terribly—the living so close down to the earth."

But Signora Neri laid the fan aside.

"No, carina, it is not suited. It has been in my hands when they were young; and behind it have my thoughts many times hidden. There is much that does link itself with such a toy. So it is that one loves it."

"Did you ever flirt, Signorina?" asked Diana, looking up from the ground.

Signora Neri's face slightly clouded.

"One is foolish sometimes in youth," she said, after a little hesitation. "Carissima, do not play with the heart of any—it gives a long regret."

Diana was sorry that she had asked the question, but an irresistible impulse seized her to make the inquiry.

The Signora, as she was always called in Broadmead, must have been very pretty in her youth; her features were fine and delicate, and there was a sweet, calm expression—the result of long discipline—that was perhaps the most beautiful part of her face, and gave the ever-youthful idea of her to which Diana had alluded.

"I ought not to have said what I did," said Diana.

The Signora smiled, and patted Diana's cheek.

"It gives me no wound, carissima," she replied. "In the picture galleries that are in the heart so immortal, one loves some sketches more than others. Some are as gems so precious, that one over them draws a curtain. So it is! If one has grieved, it has been that some joy, some beauty is marred; but still, carina, the beauty there has for once been, and so it is everlasting in the soul. Now then do I look back, and gather it up again. Then say I, once did our Lady make my pathway bright with a great light. And the light went out when she saw it."

Diana's lips were on the point of unclosing again to say—"I don't believe you ever really flirted, Signorina," when Signora Neri again spoke.

"I was young and pretty, carina, and I had a lover. Erolo was his name. Erolo was grave and earnest, and liked not that I should laugh and talk with others; and though I did love him willing to hear my praise from all, I liked that all should admire; and I made pretence of not caring for Erolo—though of him I thought by night and day. I knew not it would end as it did. Erolo went away and I lost him. He married, but he was not happy. I was not happy, but I never married. Erolo died long ago; and I pray even until now for his soul! He is nearer to me than he was in life; and it will be all as it should be some time. But, carissima, do not do likewise."

"I never shall," said Diana, very energetically, thinking of John Carteret. And then, half ashamed of the emphasis she had thrown upon her words, she said, apologetically, "but I am not likely to be tempted; there is no one in Broadmead for me to flirt with. And even if there were, I am not so pretty as you were, Signorina."

The Signora bent an inquisitive gaze on her companion. She looked intently into the eyes that looked up so earnestly into hers.

"Carina, if the temptation do come, cast it away," she said, so gravely and earnestly, that Diana involuntarily answered, "Amen."

Then suddenly she roused up to the business in hand.

"The carriage shall come for you to-night," she said, going on with her arrangements.

The Signora shook her head.

"Carissima, thou hast no carriage. It is Mrs. Seaton's."

"It is Jasper's," said Diana, laughing. "And I can do anything I like with what is Jasper's. You do not know how good and kind he is. So very good!"

Signora Neri gave a searching glance once more at Diana. But Diana was calmly contemplating the fan.

"I think John has made us all better at Broadmead," she observed, meditatively. "Don't you like to hear him preach, Signorina? When he comes at Christmas, you will come to church just once, to hear him?"

Diana looked a little vexed. Then she brightened up again, saying, "Perhaps she is better. It will be something like a gondola."

Signora Neri smiled.

"Not so smooth, carissima."

"No. Jennings and Mason make great waves in carrying it. And yet do you know, Signorina, I would rather go in it than in the smoothest running carriage. I shall quite say you—for I do like that old-fashioned chair. I sometimes think I will write a story of the old ladies who left it as a legacy to Broadmead—the rights of Jennings and Mason to be bearers—and of the hearts that have fluttered with hope as they went in it to a party, and how they have come home drooping and downcast. Signorina, I think a pretty story might be told of it. Some day I shall go and sit in it, and fall asleep, and dream it all over. It looks very lonely in Miss Pyecroft's great coach-house, that poor little sedan-chair, in the middle of it, and nothing else—no even an old saddle or bridle. What pity there are no fairies in the world!" said Diana, in abrupt conclusion.

"Why, carissima?" asked Signora Neri, in some surprise.

Diana laughed.

"I am foolish to day, Signorina, but I am so happy. I don't know why, but it seems as though some joy-secrets were being whispered through the earth; and that, if the birds, the trees, and waters could only speak, they would tell me what it was—as though Paradise were about to be opened in the tapestry in her last Paradise, were trying to send some message to the upper world. Some more thread, Signorina, if you please," said Diana, descending from her flight. "This lace looks lovely on the velvet, and this piece will do for the sleeves—if I may cut it?"

"As you please."

"Four are a charming Signorina. Mrs. Seaton won't have old lace cut if she can help it, so it always goes on her dresses in the same way. I should get quite tired of it. There, all is ready now. I wish I could come and help you to dress; but Betsy is very neat-handed. No—you must wear the bracelet."

But Signora Neri dexterously obtained possession of it, and clasped it round Diana's wrist.

"There," she said, "the bracelet shall be seen at Miss Pyecroft's, but it must be on another hand."

"Oh! Signorina, it is too beautiful," said Diana, gazing admiringly on the exquisite workmanship displayed in the finely wrought gold.

"Not so—it pleases me to see it on your arm, carina mia; and it will please Giuseppe also."

Signora Neri watched Diana as she slipped down the garden path, and out into the lane, where she met with Jasper Seaton, who had just been across the rectory fields shaking.

Diana was evidently scolding him for his hard-hearted expedition, and he was laughingly defending himself.

There was a glow upon his pale features that gave an unusual animation to them, and caused Signora Neri to observe to her brother—

"Mr. Seaton is handsome—almost, Giuseppe."

"To-day, quite," answered Signor Neri.

"I wonder how it will be," murmured the Signora. "The child has yet a child's heart."

"No," replied Signor Neri; "not so, Orsola. The divine depths of her voice tell me that her soul has come to her. She is no longer a child."

"But, Giuseppe, voices are divine that belong to children. I remember one angel chorister who was but a child—how sweet, how heavenly his voice! Do you remember, Giuseppe?"

"I remember, Orsola; but it was as the voice of cherubim, and seraphim, not of a soul bound to the earth, that must be pierced with the sorrow of the Master—that apprehends that flutters up to heaven, yet feels of earth; that knows its humanity, and is struggling up to God. I could have wept, Orsola, at her tones to-day. He that lives in music, as I do, can tell these intonations, even as the sounds of various instruments; he can detect the untuned string, the false tone and the true. To the keen ear of the musician and every breath of outer life speaks of it unto her. And more, Orsola—the musician that weaves the web whose warp is sunlight, and whose woof the tissue of the rainbow, has placed his soul upon her heart, and looked therein a treasure that half guides her voice."

He spoke rapidly in his own language; and his sister, still following out her own meditations, asked—

"Then will it be Mr. Carteret?"

"Orsola—who else?" returned the old man.

"Mr. Seaton is kind, is handsome, is rich—"

"Orsola! And the old man's voice spoke reproachfully."

"Giuseppe!"

"Ah! Giuseppe—she is also a woman; and Signora Neri sighed, and her fingers moved over her rosary."

Perseus, as she told her beads, she thought of Diana and John Carteret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. R. K. Scott states that he recently found on a plantation near Charleston, S. C., a man working as a common field hand who was highly cultivated, and capable of speaking and writing ten languages, Greek and Arabic among them. He earned so little that he was forced to teach school in the evening to support himself in the simplest manner.

The Census returns show that for thirty years there have been in this country eighty great cattle to each hundred of the population. Of these eight should be working oxen and twenty-eight milch cows.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—15,000 bbls sold at from \$2.35 to \$2.50; superfine, \$2.35 to \$2.45; extra, \$2.45 to \$2.55; Wisconsin extra family at \$2.50 to \$2.60; do at \$2.55 to \$2.65; Pennsylvania do at \$2.55 to \$2.65; Ohio do at \$2.55 to \$2.65; and high grade at \$2.55 to \$2.65. Rye Flour sold at \$2.55 to \$2.65.

and better rendered. Cheese—Sales of factory at 10 cts. Butter—Sales of fresh butter at 10 cts. and choice at 10 cts. Eggs sold at 10 cts. to 10 cts. COTTON—Sales of 100 bales Middling at 10 cts. for Upland, and 10 cts. for Sea Island.

RAIL—100 bbls fine quality No. 1 Quaker sold at 10 cts. to 10 cts.

IRON—Sales of 100 bbls at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for Yellow. FRUIT—Dried apples—sold at 10 cts. to 10 cts. Green Peaches from 10 cts. to 10 cts. per bushel. HOPS—Sales of Prime at 10 cts. to 10 cts. and runtings at 10 cts.

IRON—Fig Iron—1000 tons sold at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 1 Foundry, 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 2. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 1. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 2. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 3. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 4. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 5. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 6. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 7. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 8. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 9. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 10. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 11. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 12. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 13. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 14. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 15. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 16. For iron is held at 10 cts. to 10 cts. for No. 17. 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"MY WIFE."

What is my wife like? Stay and hear.
Her eyes are soft, and dark, and brown;
Limpid and lustrous, and so clear
As stars from Heaven shining down
On this dull world. And for her nose—
She's not so tall, but she must raise
Her lips to mine, and I can gaze
Right downwards in those loving eyes.
Her hair is like a veil of light,
All crisply, golden, soft, and fair;
And falling round her shoulders white
In waving masses, rich and rare.
Her hands! what artist e'er could paint?
So daintily-tipped, so small and thin;
Soft-palmed, and sweet with perfumes faint,
As white as wax the satin skin.
And then her feet are slender, small,
And arching like a serpent's crest:
The semblance like me at all,
So choose the simile you best.
Admire! But guess not over-bold:
My wife is but a modest girl,
As true as steel and pure as gold,
Though far as Ocean's fairest pearl.
And can you guess her greatest charm?
A rare one, too; but he it knows,
In heart, and soul, and mind, my wife
Is mine—all mine, and mine alone.

THE
TORY BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURE THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNWELCOME PROPOSALS.

It was two days after the arrest of the Lieutenant. Grace Graham still remained in the home of her friends, it being unsafe for her to return to her father's, and she not desiring to do so as long as her lover was exposed to such danger. No communication had passed between them, and she was in ignorance of his whereabouts, an endeavor made by Mr. May to obtain such information resulting only in his receiving a warning to interest himself no more in the fate of the "young rebel."

He had not been arraigned so far for the part he had taken in the prisoner's behalf, though he feared that the protection that had been extended to the young officer would be made, at young Chambers's instigation, a ground for proceedings against him. How was it that nothing had been done?

The family of Mr. May were in the sitting-room upstairs discussing the position of affairs, and endeavoring to assure themselves that the Lieutenant would be treated leniently, and that nothing would result from their own kindness to him. Yet Mr. May was known to be a staunch patriot, and was in disfavour with several powerful Tory families of the city.

"A gentleman—an officer—to see Miss Graham,"

A servant entered with these words. All looked surprised, particularly Grace, whose face brightened afterward with a half-hope, and then became shadowed with deeper apprehension.

"Who can it be?" she said. "I have no acquaintance in this city who would appear at this time."

"He did not give his name, miss, but said as how he would be pleased to see you at your convenience," said the servant.

"Tell him I will be down."

The servant departed, and Grace prepared to descend. Who could the gentleman be—an officer—a British officer—certainly not Major Langley, whom she had met before the war. Another name occurred to her—but surely it could not be he.

She entered the parlor. A young man rose to meet her—it was Lieutenant Chambers, Grace paused in painful confusion. Chambers ignored it, looking respectfully.

"Lieutenant Chambers?" she gave him his evident title—"this is unexpected to me. To what?"

"Pardon me, Miss Graham," he said, interrupting her; "I know I have taken a great liberty, but we are neighbors once, and I might as well before these troubles began. Let us be friends still, though our views and positions are different."

"I am sure," returned the young lady, motioning him to a seat, "that I would be happy to have the old relation restored." She was doubly surprised at his conciliatory words and respectful manner. "At the same time," she continued, "I fear I shall be unable to regard with the kindest feeling—I must speak plainly—one who in the hour of his country's peril could offer himself to her enemies against her."

The young man flushed, and a momentary look of anger shone in his eyes.

"As I said, Miss Graham, our views are different. Through my father I have relations with officers of high rank in the army. Your friend, Mr. May, has seriously compromised himself by his course from the beginning of this struggle, and especially by his recent action toward a suspected individual."

Grace turned deadly pale.

"My visits here," continued young Chambers, rising, "will serve to avert any possible danger to himself as the consequence of his act. I shall be happy to see you again, Miss Graham. For the present, good-evening."

The coolness of the young Tory was astounding. He had departed, but had invited himself to come again. Grace went up stairs and related what had taken place. What could be the secret of his magnanimity? The reader will perhaps guess that young Chambers admired the fair patriot and hoped, when her accepted lover should be gone, to win her as his wife. He had self-assurance enough to convince him that she would after a time yield to his wishes. His visits were repeated, and though entirely unwelcome, it was thought best that they should be received, since if he were denied the house he would take revenge on Mr. May. His presence was in a manner a protection. When questioned by Mr. May as to Lieutenant Warner, he at first professed to be ignorant of what disposition had been made of the prisoner, but at last stated that it was at Lewis Dams's instigation that he had been arrested. How much of this to believe Mr. May knew not, but he feared that the situation of his young friend was a precarious one. He did not inform Grace of the full danger to which her lover was ex-

posed, for he knew that the poor girl would have her distress most painfully increased. He merely told her that the Lieutenant was still confined in the city. But she was at last to be acquainted with the whole truth.

The weeks passed on. It was winter. Chambers had continued his visits or calls rather at the house of Mr. May, where Grace still was. She had managed to communicate with her father and sister, and had been advised to remain with her friends till the enemy left the city.

At last the Tory Lieutenant imagined that he had made so much progress in Grace's favor that he ventured a proposal of marriage. He had greatly mistaken the situation. From being at first disliked and feared by the family he had come at last to be tolerated. There was something attractive in the young man, though he was not one a pure young girl would choose. Grace had foreseen his intentions in his repeated visits. Faithful as from the first to her absent and imprisoned lover, she rejected his suit with unmistakable decision. She commanded him never to mention the subject again, if he continued his coming to the house, which she could not forbid, though she did not encourage it. The young man flew into a furious passion when his proposal was declined. He declared that it was the rebel Lieutenant that stood in his way; told her of his situation; and swore to would yet possess her at any cost. Grace, greatly terrified, especially on her lover's account, could only leave the room in tears. Chambers departed with a look in his face that told of evil.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DARK HOUR.

It was now mid-winter. Washington and his army were encamped at Valley Forge, a deep and rugged hollow, twenty miles northwest from Philadelphia. The sufferings of that dreadful winter we need not recount. Troops from each particular state had their quarters together in a temporary village of log huts. Thousands had no blankets, and were obliged to spend the nights in trying to keep warm, rather than in sleeping. They also suffered greatly at times from scarcity of food. Captain Irvin was there, anxious and apprehensive on his friend's account, but bearing up under the trials of the situation with all a soldier's and a patriot's fortitude. If he could only have been assured of the safety of his friend he would have been even cheerful. He had heard from his home, from his betrothed, and had learned all that they knew of the increased danger of his situation. He was held as a suspected spy. It was known that young Chambers and Lewis Duane had joined the British in Philadelphia. What if either should seek to do Lieutenant Warner deadly evil? They were capable of it, if the mood should seize them. After a while came darker misgivings, and Captain Irvin determined, if he could get permission to seek at any cost to himself the liberation of his friend. He was granted leave to proceed as he might think best in the matter.

The scene of our story changes once more to Philadelphia—to the parlor of Mr. May. The Tory Lieutenant had called, and sent a demand for the presence of Miss Graham. She was unwilling—almost worn out by the strain upon her mental and nervous system—but fearing to offend the young man by a refusal to see him, descended, in response to his request, to the parlor. Pale and agitated she entered. Chambers noted her appearance, and a secret feeling of triumph filled his bosom. He was about to play his last card—a strong one—against her, and he rejoiced to see her so weak and unsteady.

"Good-evening, Miss Graham; I have called to see you on a subject concerning your friend—your very dear friend," he sneered—"the unfortunate Lieut. Warner. Ah! you are interested."

Grace sank on the sofa, murmuring faintly, "Go on."

"It is my very unpleasant mission to inform you that the young man has been arraigned as a spy, circumstances pointing very clearly to his having acted in that dangerous capacity while our troops were in the Jerseys. Moreover his presence in this city has not been explained to the satisfaction of our commander. He will be tried in a few days, and as it is already evident what the result will be, he will probably suffer the penalty prescribed in case of conviction as an agent and informer of the enemy."

"Oh! my God!" gasped the suffering girl, comprehending in a bewildered way the meaning of the dreadful words.

The speaker went mercilessly on: "There can be no escape for the young man; he will surely die, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked poor Grace, catching blindly at the words.

"Unless you choose to save him!" said the Tory.

"How?—how? Oh! I gladly would—" She caught the meaning of his wicked look, and paused in despair.

"Ah! you understand," he exclaimed, "Yes, you can save him—by marrying me."

"Oh, not that, not that!"

"Then he will surely die."

"You are cruel; you are merciless!" she cried. "You have set the authorities upon him, and now you come to me thus. You are base, you are villainous."

"Say your say, girl. It does no harm; my purpose is the same. Do you promise what I ask, or shall the rebel die?"

"He will not one drop of mercy in your heart?"

"None; promise! or I go, and ere the week has ended the Lieutenant shall suffer death."

He turned as if to leave the room. The heart of the poor girl was burning; she was wild with the agony of her position. "Oh! I cannot let him die," she cried, "though he would forbid my serving him in such a way. I promise, I promise." And she fell fainting to the floor. The words had been spoken, but only in delirium. Chambers, alarmed at her condition, but believing that in the wicked way he had attempted he could accomplish his ends, called assistance, and then took his departure. Grace was removed to her chamber, and a long and dangerous illness followed.

Meanwhile, where was her lover? The Tory Lieutenant had been the means of bringing the prisoner under suspicion as a spy. He was informed that in a few days his trial would take place. He had escaped from one such perilous situation before—he hardly dared to hope he would again be so fortunate. It was chance that time; would chance be so favoring in his next endeavor? But little opportunity for escape seemed to offer. From his window he looked out upon the quarters of a regiment of infantry, while a short distance farther on a body of dragoons was stationed. Troops were continually

passing by day, and until late at night the activity among them precluded the possibility of passing unseen, even if he could have left his room. The vicinity of his prison appeared to be a gathering place for parties about to start on foraging expeditions, and also after their return from such. This explained the unusual stir to be witnessed at almost any hour in the neighborhood. Day after day the prisoner had watched the passing soldiers and the citizens who sometimes came out of curiosity to see what was going on, but not one familiar face among the latter had been observed. He had hoped that if some of his friends could be informed of his exact situation means might be devised for his rescue; but the weary hours went on, and the prospect before him seemed to narrow darker and darker, till death appeared to be the only certainty. He thought of Grace, wondering if she had been permitted to return to her friends, or whether she still remained in the city. He longed to know if Mr. May had been made to suffer for the protection he had given him—if it would be believed by the British under what circumstances he had been brought to the house of his friend. But he heard no word from any source, and with the prospect of an ignominious death before him, the mind of the young soldier was troubled enough.

"Would that I had died at Brandywine," he thought; "there in old Birmingham grave yard I would be resting perhaps; it were better than this useless, hopeless lingering here." Then a period of less despondency would succeed, followed by gloom again—for no soldier can bear with equanimity the prospect of dying the death of a spy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS FROM THE PRISONER—A PLAN.

Captain Irvin had yet formed no plan for the rescue of his friend. He felt that delay might be fatal, but with all his impatience to assist him he knew not how to act. He at last received information that afforded great relief to his uncertainty. It was at the close of a gloomy day in January. He was walking along one of the rude streets formed by the arrangement of the soldiers' huts, when as he approached the further end he saw a party of troopers bringing in a prisoner. Curiosity prompted him to move toward them.

"Why, there's the Captain now," cried one of the men.

"What is wanted?" he inquired.

"We've a prisoner here," replied the Sergeant in command of the party, "who wishes to see you, but we were taking him to headquarters first."

"Bring him forward. What has he to say?"

The man, a long, lean countryman, with a shrewd expression of countenance, hearing the Captain's voice called out,

"I've news for you, Captain. They've nabbed me for a spy—but you'll let me go when you hear what I've got to tell."

The Captain directed the Sergeant to conduct the man to headquarters, where he would immediately attend.

In the presence of several officers the countryman was examined.

"I was about to give myself up when the men seized me. They wouldn't listen to my explanation, but hustled me off," said he, in an aggrieved tone.

"It will be all right if you give any good reason for your approach," said one of the officers.

"Hold!" cried Captain Irvin, just entering. "I know the man; he is honest. Is it not Zebulon Rice, of Montgomery?" he inquired, turning to the prisoner.

"The same, Captain. I'm glad you know me."

"The man is one of my former neighbors," spoke the Captain. "I will answer for his actions. What have you to say, Zebulon?"

"I bring you news from your friend, Lieutenant Warner."

A look of joy shone in the Captain's face.

"What of him; speak," he cried.

"He is a prisoner still. I saw him yesterday."

"You saw him? Not in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"How came you there? Tell me all," said Captain Irvin, impatiently.

"Well, you see the British were out a foraging in our parts two days ago—and just for spite they carried me off; they said they wanted me to grease their frying-pans with."

"Oh! my God!" gasped the suffering girl, comprehending in a bewildered way the meaning of the dreadful words.

The speaker went mercilessly on: "There can be no escape for the young man; he will surely die, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked poor Grace, catching blindly at the words.

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He turned as if to leave the room. The heart of the poor girl was burning; she was wild with the agony of her position. "Oh! I cannot let him die," she cried, "though he would forbid my serving him in such a way. I promise, I promise." And she fell fainting to the floor. The words had been spoken, but only in delirium. Chambers, alarmed at her condition, but believing that in the wicked way he had attempted he could accomplish his ends, called assistance, and then took his departure. Grace was removed to her chamber, and a long and dangerous illness followed.

Meanwhile, where was her lover? The Tory Lieutenant had been the means of bringing the prisoner under suspicion as a spy. He was informed that in a few days his trial would take place. He had escaped from one such perilous situation before—he hardly dared to hope he would again be so fortunate. It was chance that time; would chance be so favoring in his next endeavor? But little opportunity for escape seemed to offer. From his window he looked out upon the quarters of a regiment of infantry, while a short distance farther on a body of dragoons was stationed. Troops were continually

passing by day, and until late at night the activity among them precluded the possibility of passing unseen, even if he could have left his room. The vicinity of his prison appeared to be a gathering place for parties about to start on foraging expeditions, and also after their return from such. This explained the unusual stir to be witnessed at almost any hour in the neighborhood. Day after day the prisoner had watched the passing soldiers and the citizens who sometimes came out of curiosity to see what was going on, but not one familiar face among the latter had been observed. He had hoped that if some of his friends could be informed of his exact situation means might be devised for his rescue; but the weary hours went on, and the prospect before him seemed to narrow darker and darker, till death appeared to be the only certainty. He thought of Grace, wondering if she had been permitted to return to her friends, or whether she still remained in the city. He longed to know if Mr. May had been made to suffer for the protection he had given him—if it would be believed by the British under what circumstances he had been brought to the house of his friend. But he heard no word from any source, and with the prospect of an ignominious death before him, the mind of the young soldier was troubled enough.

"Would that I had died at Brandywine," he thought; "there in old Birmingham grave yard I would be resting perhaps; it were better than this useless, hopeless lingering here." Then a period of less despondency would succeed, followed by gloom again—for no soldier can bear with equanimity the prospect of dying the death of a spy.

"My men, I have called you here to obtain one of your number as a volunteer in a difficult and hazardous undertaking. I would go myself on the dangerous errand I propose to ask one of you to go on, but in my case it would be doubly hazardous, with less chance of success. Our brave comrade, Warner, is in the hands of the enemy. His

situation is particularly trying, and I propose to rescue him. My plan is for one of you to appear to desert, to go to Philadelphia, to pretend friendship to the enemy, to get acquainted if possible on guard over our friend, and then as way may offer, to assist him to escape. It is a dangerous project—but who will undertake it? Every man offered himself for the work. It was decided to select the individual by lot. The chance fell on Corporal Worthington, a man of tried courage and inflexible perseverance.

"Remember, it may be death to you, Corporal," said his Captain.

"I have chosen to make the attempt," responded the brave fellow.

"The work must be undertaken this very night. Go to rest for a few hours, and I will have everything prepared. The others must know nothing of the plan. You must seem to be a real deserter."

The man all retired under promise of secrecy. At three o'clock in the morning—it was moonlight—the Corporal stole from his bed and passed the lines, the countersign having been obtained for him by the Captain. It was arranged that after the first hour his absence should be discovered and pursuit made.

At the expiration of that time Captain Irvin waited upon his Major and informed him that it was believed that Corporal Worthington had deserted during the night. Taking the Captain's words as true, pursuit was at once ordered. The desertion was well kept up. A troop of cavalry was sent after the recreant Corporal, with directions to scour the country for him in every direction toward the enemy's lines.

After passing the pickets, Corporal Worthington went to a low stable or shed by the roadside, where he had been told a horse would be placed for him. It was there; he mounted and galloped off toward the city. Riding hard, he was approaching the enemy's outposts, when he heard the sound of pursuers behind him. He turned and could see in the breaking light the forms of three or four horsemen, who being better mounted than he, had nearly overtaken him. Fasting to his animal, he endeavored to reach the British lines, now very near. His approach was heard by the pickets, who seeing that he was pursued, did not fire upon him, but advanced to meet the pursuers. The latter, giving up the chase, returned, and Worthington was conducted to the camp and afterward to the city. That he was a deserter appeared very evident to the enemy. They welcomed him and offered him a place in the ranks of any regiment he might choose. Ascertaining what regiment was employed in guarding the prisoners, or that number of which Lieutenant Warner was one, he joined that. His true name came to be on guard. He soon acquainted the Lieutenant with his presence and object. The poor fellow was overjoyed, and hope once more rose strong in his soul. But the most difficult part of the work was yet to be done. It was decided, by signs and looks rather than words, for great caution was necessary, that the only hope of getting away was for both to be in British uniform. One for the prisoner could not be brought him without being observed. A feasible plan for obtaining it was to assault and overpower one of the guard and divest him of his. This it was resolved they would attempt, the Corporal suggesting the manner of proceeding.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOLD MOVEMENTS.

It was night—dark, cold and cloudy. A party of the British, under cover of the darkness, were preparing to make a raid on one of the patriot outposts. They hoped to surprise and capture it, and then forage in the surrounding country. The men who were to engage in the expedition were gathered in front of Lieutenant Warner's prison. The majority of them were dragoons, but a score or so of infantry, mounted, were to accompany them. Several extra horses were to be taken along to assist in carrying back the spoil, which was expected to be in part flour, from a well-known mill in the neighborhood to be visited.

Corporal Worthington was again on guard. He witnessed the preparations to depart with the most lively but trembling satisfaction. It was as good as if he had planned it. Everything suited. In a half hour the party would be off. Before the moon rose, they expected to surprise the Americans, and gain by her light the horses they planned to collect their spoil. It was well thought of.

Lieutenant Warner, with an anxious heart, also saw the confusion preceding the departure of the foragers. But he soon left the window and took his place near the entrance. He was armed with a strong club of iron-wood, smuggled in by the Corporal. The weapon was not large, but strong and heavy—and a blow from it, administered by a desperate arm, would have no light effect upon a human head.

He readily will you step into the third cell, and order the prisoner to put out his light; it is still burning, and the time's past for that."

It was Corporal Worthington speaking to his fellow-guardman. The man went toward the cell. The words had been spoken loudly—and were in reality a signal to the Lieutenant to be ready. While the soldier was sliding the two huge iron bolts that on the outside secured the door, the prisoner extinguished his lamp, and grasping his club, just as the door swung inward, directed in his aim by the light in the passage, he brought his weapon with terrific force on the head of the man as his figure stood defined on the threshold. The fellow sank down with a groan like that a bullock gives when killed.

"Quick!" said the Lieutenant, in an intense whisper. The Corporal assisted in dragging the unconscious form into the room. The man was gagged, stripped, and then bound. Lieutenant Warner directed himself of his own clothes and assumed those of the guard. Taking his helmet, in company with the Corporal who had so bravely played his part, the two hastily quitted the building. When outside they made their way with more deliberation toward the party, now just starting on the expedition. They boldly mounted with the rest, as if belonging to the detachment, taking care to keep as much in the shadow as possible. In the bustle of mounting and starting they were not observed more than the others.

The word of command was given, and the troop was in motion. With a mighty feeling of relief and gratitude the Lieutenant galloped forward, his noble comrade by his side. So placed were they with the success of their plan that they could hardly refrain from shouting aloud. They were for the present safe, for in the gloom none would recognize them. If they could manage to detach themselves from the command, they might, by taking another course and riding

rapidly, reach the out-post of their friends and prepare them for the coming attack.

"Pill taking," whispered Lieutenant Warner. The darkness had increased, and struggling would hardly be observed. His companion understood him. Both drew out by degrees and then halted. The troopers passed on.

"Are you acquainted with the road, Worthington?" asked the young officer.

"Yes, sir; it branches just above, and there are two roads—aye, three, to Radnor," was the reply.

"We may reach it first then, by putting our horses to their best?"

"I think so, sir, if we are careful at first. The road is hard here and they might hear our animal's hoofs."

"Lead on, I will follow closely. When you think it best, ride hard for our friends."

"A little further and the road is sandy. We will then try hard for Radnor."

They walked their horses for a quarter of a mile, then at a word from Worthington, they set off at a rapid gallop up the road. Their animals were good and they held well to their speed. In a half hour they slackened their pace, and the Corporal said the post must be near. They dismounted, hurriedly tied their horses, and hastened forward on foot. The village was soon reached, and they entered without being challenged.

"If our men are here," said Lieutenant Warner, "they can be easily surprised, for there seems to be no guard."

A little further on, Worthington stumbled over some obstruction in his path and fell with some violence, causing considerable noise.

"Who goes there?" demanded a waking voice. The men were not sound asleep after all.

"Friends, without the countersign," replied the Lieutenant. "Take us to your commander at once."

Calling to a companion the sentry directed him to take charge of the new-comers.

"Hasten," urged the young man; "you are liable to an attack at any moment."

The officer in command was aroused. He sprang up with soldierly promptness.

"The British are coming," spoke Lieutenant Warner hoarsely. "We have escaped in disguise. Prepare your men at once for an attack. We hold ourselves hostages for the truth of what we say."

Already the alarm had been given; with no confusion and noise, but in orderly silence. Every man was soon at his post, but none too soon. The gallop of approaching horsemen was heard coming near. On came the enemy confident of an easy and complete victory.

"Ready men," ordered Major Eastburn. "They are almost here."

The forms of the British horsemen became slightly distinguishable in the darkness. The moon was rising over the shadowy hills. With a loud buzz the assailants rushed upon what they supposed to be their sleeping foes. But a terrible surprise awaited them.

"Fire!" shouted the American Major. Fifty muskets were discharged into the mass of the terrified enemy. An uncertain fire, and they turned and fled at once in wild confusion, the patriots following.

Another volley was poured into their retreating ranks. Several more of the British fell, and the victory of the Americans was complete. Gathering the wounded men and capturing several horses, including the two our friends had ridden, they returned to their camp, rejoicing in the discomfiture of their foes. Toasting Warner and Worthington for the great service they had rendered, at the same time reproving himself for not being sufficiently vigilant, Major Eastburn directed his men to retire for the night, not forgetting to post a double guard, though a second attack was not to be looked for.

The patriot soldiers had been for several days engaged in severe scouting duty, and were exhausted, though it did not excuse the want of watchfulness by which they had exposed themselves to surprise. After a day's rest in the camp, Lieutenant Warner and the Corporal, accompanied by several of the men of Major Eastburn's command, set out for Valley Forge. That the Lieutenant received a joyous welcome from his old comrades may well be believed. Corporal Worthington's appearance, without being under arrest, created extreme surprise among those who had supposed he was a deserter, which was not a little increased by the cordial reception he was given from the men in the secret. When the explanation was made to all, there was not a more prompt man in the regiment than the gallant Corporal. He bore the praise his bravery had won with the true soldier's modesty. His reward, in addition to the thanks and admiration of his comrades and officers, was promotion to a second lieutenantancy in his own company, that position being soon after vacant.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Missionary's Experiences.

Doing good under difficulties is thus illustrated in the experience of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Missouri:

"At the first settlement I came to I found that there had never been a Sunday-school in that region, and the people could hardly understand what I wanted. One had never seen a Sunday-school, and thought there must be some trick about it. Having some books with me, I proposed to give him one. 'No, sir, I don't want it; I can't afford it; for I know, if I take it, there'll be some sort of officer after taxes on it.' I wrote on the fly-leaf, 'No tax to be collected on this book,' and then he consented to take it."

"To ascertain the condition of the settlement, I asked a woman, 'Is society good?' She replied, 'I reckon so. I don't know him myself, but never heard anything bad against any man by that name round these parts.'"

This resembles the answer that another missionary of the society, exploring "The Pines" in New Jersey, got from the wife of a hunter, at whose cabin he called. "Are there any Prebysterians in these parts?" "I don't know if husband ever shot any. I'll ask him."

An old man in Kentucky told the missionary, "I'm strong against Sunday-schools, because it's wrong to bias the minds of children."

Another missionary of the society, in Illinois, writes: "I spent a night with a man who boasts of eleven children, and one that he never paid twenty-five cents for books or papers for them, although his tobacco costs him twenty dollars a year."

Mr. Parry, Ky., boasts of a horse which, having cast a shoe, jumped out of his enclosure, went to a blacksmith shop, and had himself shod.

IN SPLENDOR.

BY BRUCE TOWNSHEND.

In splendor the moon has risen,
And her chains of silver light
Run over and flood the city
With a sea of glory to-night.

The tramp of the countless thousands
Of hurrying, tireless feet,
That sounds from morning till evening
Like a great heart's steady beat,

Is stifled for a season, and only
There comes the occasional sound
Of some watchman's late returning,
Or the reeve's going his round.

I wonder if all the spirits
Whose bodies are sleeping to-night,
Are locked in their earthly prisons,
Or if some are abroad in the light?

For oftentimes I've a feeling,
When dreaming of heavenly things,
That my body only is sleeping,
And my spirit has taken wings.

I fly through the misty ether
And come to a beautiful shore,
Where I meet and talk with the loved ones
That are seen on the earth no more.

The light has a whiter shining,
The waters a brighter flow,
And the flowers are fairer and sweeter
Than ever the world may know.

But still at the dawn of morning,
Try spirit must come again,
Re-enter the mortal body,
And be born to sorrow and pain.

In splendor the moon has risen,
And is flooding the city with light
That is like to the shining glory
I have seen in my dreams at night.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased by Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

Rather surprised was Tom, upon going up Dene Hollow, to see a few people congregated there, half a dozen or so. A cart had come to grief on nearly the old unlovely spot. It could not be the cart charged on the "Shadow." The limousin had disappeared from one of the wheels, and the cart, which had contained grain (on their way to be conveyed to Mr. Tillet's pigs) was overturned. The sweet-smelling grain lay scattered on the highway; Hodge, Mr. Tillet's waggoner—for the cart was Mr. Tillet's—standing by with a most rueful face. The accident had occurred just as the Beechhurst cottage was passing; it had startled the carriage horses, and sent them flying downwards at such a rate as to put the riders to the gallop and threaten another accident—Lady Lydia, ignoring chances, always went this way to Dene Hollow when she could; its level road and fair scenery were pleasant to her.

"Which accounts for the sharp pace they come round at," thought Tom as he listened to this, and recalled the speed of the horse. Leaving the cart and grain to their unhappy fate, he pursued his way, and turned in to Harebell Farm. Not to tell of the disaster particularly, but because he had some business with its master, Philip Tillet. Mr. Tillet, however, was not at home, and Tom stayed a few minutes talking with Mary Barber.

For Mary Barber, the thoroughly capable and earnest-minded woman—somewhat hard and superstitious though she might be—had never quitted Harebell Farm. William Owen did not want her when he migrated to his new home; he meant to marry; and did so shortly afterwards; and Mary Barber remained with Mr. Tillet and his motherless young daughter. She was called housekeeper, but was treated and respected as one of the family; having two maids under her, instead of one as in Miss Owen's time. When Tom went in she was seated in the parlor hemming a white cravat of Mr. Tillet's.

"Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, staring at Tom through her tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles when he told the news. "The wheel off, and all the pigs' food a-lying in the road!"

"Every grain of it," said Tom. "Cole's man has got the wheel in hand, beginning to tinker it up."

"The wheel baint much. The grains is the worst. And for you to be laughing at it, Mr. Tom!"

"Oh, they'll get the grains up again. You'd laugh yourself, if you had seen it, Mary Barber. Hodge's face was better than a picture."

"There's no luck with our pigs this year," lamented she. "I said so to the master 't'other day. That last lot of wash, made for 'em, got put into a new painted barrel, through one of the men's carelessness, and a'most poisoned the pigs."

"Only not quite," put in Tom, always looking on the sunnier side of things.

"Well now, Mr. Tom—what caused the mishap to-day?"

"Why, I told you, Mary. The wheel came off the cart."

"Twa'n't that, sir," returned Tom, looking at her.

"Twa'n't that," came the emphatic repetition. "Twas the Shadow."

"Nonsense! Rubbish!"

Tom retorted, settled Mary Barber. The Shadow was there, and would be always there, she said solemnly; and she put it to him plainly whether horses were, or were not, in the habit of starting at that place. Tom, half laughing, confessed that place, saying no more about the cart wheel, intending to drop the argument altogether. Not so Mary Barber. Laying down the white cravat and her spectacles on the table, she bent her face a little forward.

"What is it that frightens the animals,

pray? Tell me that if you can, Mr. Tom."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Tom. "Unless it's the shadow of the branches, cast on the road by the sun."

"It's not that, sir; you must know it's not. The shadow's of another sort. I give it a different name in my own mind."

"What name?"

"A curse."

"A curse," she repeated in her solemn tone. "Why, what else is it, sir? How's it been as a curse to a good many folk? Sir Dene couldn't have thought it nothing less when he saw his blooming grandchild a-lying dead afore him."

Tom made no rejoinder now—Margaret's sad death had indeed brought grievous sorrow. To some worse than him. To him, who had been the one to pick Margaret up.

"We thought it was the ice that made the horses slip. There was ice on the road, you remember, Mary Barber."

"Rather the ice," irreverently responded Mary Barber. "Twas the excuse made, I know; but who believed it?"

Very few, Tom might have answered—had he chosen. Mary Barber resumed; her voice impressive again, hardly raised above a whisper.

"That time when my poor mother spoke to me of the shadow—dying she was, though I did see it—she sounded but like so much gibberish in my two ears. But that I knowed her to be sane, I'd be 'a' thought her mind was a rambling. The next day when she was dead, the words came back to me in a different way; for I've been a good deal with the dead and dying, Mr. Tom, and I know that what they speak just afore the soul departs is sometimes like a prophecy. And as I stood at her grave in the churchyard while the parson was a reading the burial over her out of the prayer book, and thought of what it was that had sent her to it afore her time, there came into my mind a kind of light. A light conviction, o-e might call it; that mother's dying words were true—and that a curse lay on the fine new road that had killed her. It's a lying there to this day."

The less superstitious and more practical among the neighbors were apt to smile at this fixed belief of Mary Barber's and call it her "crochet." Her master, Mr. Tillet, a man of good sound sense, told her to her face that she would go mad upon the foolish point some day, if she didn't take care.

Perhaps Tom Clanswaring shared Mr. Tillet's skepticism, for he took up his hat to depart without comment of any sort.

"Tell the master I'll look in again to-morrow, Mary Barber. If he'll consent to make the alteration, Sir Dene will go half way in the cost. But we must have an answer, Good-day."

Meanwhile the Lady Lydia paid her visits, a round of them. Mrs. Arde's was the only one near home; the rest lay at a distance. While the afternoon was still bright, the out-riders came cantering round the corner by Cole's farrier's, and took the old hilly road that led to Beechhurst Dene, the nearest way from whence they were coming.

The carriage followed close upon the out-riders; and my lady, fast to it, felt tired to death. As it whirled round the corner—rather a sharp turn, that, by Cole's—two people stood talking outside the forge—having met accidentally a minute before.

Tom Clanswaring was one; his occupation had taken him to some land that lay out there; the other was Miss Emma Geach. A traveler, whose horse became suddenly disabled, had ridden in for refuge at the Trailing Indian, and the girl was despatched to fetch Cole. Nothing loth, she; especially as she seized on the opportunity to attire herself in her Sunday going things.

A gay girly hat upon her abundant hair, gleaming and glistening in the winter sunlight, and some blue ribbons flying amidst it, stood she. Otto Clanswaring looked from the carriage and made some remark to his brother-in-law. Not so low, however, as that which she sense struck the ear of Lady Lydia.

"What?" she exclaimed. "What's that you say, Otto?"

He answered by a light word or two, as if the matter he spoke of were of no serious moment. Certainly he did not do it in ill-nature. "I don't affirm it, you know," he said; "but appearances certainly are against Tom."

At they were, unfortunately. A dusky red light, telling of emotion, shone in my lady's dark face; she leaned out, and looked back. Tom was striding onwards then, and Miss Geach was exchanging compliments with Cole. The disclosure struck her quite as a revelation. She had shared the curiosity of the public as to the doings of Miss Emma Geach. Otto would have dismissed the subject with a few careless words.

"What are your proofs, Otto?" she asked, leaning forward to speak in his ear.

"Proofs? Oh, I don't know about proofs," was the answer, still earnestly and flippant. And then he just mentioned what he and young Dene had seen.

My lady was virtuously indignant of course. To do her justice, she believed the story; and began talking of it in private with her eldest son when they got home.

"Let it drop," said Jarvis, curtly.

"Drop!" she retorted. "I'll let it drop when I have told Sir Dene. He can let it drop if he will."

"Confound it, madam! can't you hold your tongue?" savagely cried Jarvis.

"No, I can't, Jarvis. This was just what was wanted to get the fellow away."

"Oh? What?" returned Jarvis, a sudden gleam awakening in his sly dark eyes.

"Why, don't you see that it is? I know how worthless he must be; but the difficulty was to bring proofs of it to Sir Dene."

Jarvis drew a long breath. He began to discern a little light of way. Lady Lydia resumed.

"Putting all other considerations aside, Sir Dene could not allow him to remain here now. It seems quite like a Providence, Jarvis. I thought something or other would turn up. It's what I have been waiting for."

"Not until the following day, the first of the new year, did Lady Lydia get the opportunity of conveniently speaking to Sir Dene. Their interview was a long one. What she said at it never was known, but we may be quite sure of one thing, that she did not tell her tale by halves. Otto—to his own intense disgust—was called in to testify to it."

"I'll be shot if I'd have dropped a word to her, had I thought she was going to make this row over it, and to do him damage with the old man!" mentally cried Otto, in wrath. But—always speaking the truth if called upon to speak at all—he corroborated all, so far as he had cognizance of it. It appeared to be conclusive to Sir Dene; as might be seen by the look of utter sorrow on his pale

face. In spite of all, he had loved Tom; had trusted him utterly; and this struck upon him as a cruel blow, rendering him unjust. What he ought to have done was to question Tom himself; and this he did not. His out-cast pride (worked upon also by Lady Lydia) forbade it.

How the day went on even Lady Lydia hardly knew. Never had one of greater unpleasantness been spent at Beechhurst; and Jarvis picked a quarrel with him. For once he put Tom in a passion—and there were rare moments, as was previously said, when Tom could go into a passion with the best of them. When he was in this white heat, Jarvis unwisely (or wisely, as the reader may decide), ventured on a word of insult more stinging than customary. In his cool, supercilious, contemptuous manner, he threw in Tom's teeth a reproach of the acquaintance they were whispering a sinist. It was but a sinist, a syllable; but quite enough. Tom Clanswaring lifted his hand and smacked the tallant officer down. Sir Dene was a witness of it; it occurred in his own bay parlour, which he was just entering. That brought on the climax. Smarting under one thing and another, Tom, the scapegoat, appeared in that moment to Sir Dene as a very off-shoot of Satan; and he swore a round oath that he should beat off Beechhurst Dene before night. The Lady Lydia had received an opportune letter that very morning, urging Tom Clanswaring's acceptance of the post offered him, or else it must be given away elsewhere.

Verily, as my lady herself had remarked, it seemed that Providence was specially at work, ordering things in favor of the interest of herself and Captain Clanswaring!

CHAPTER V.

AN EVENING OF THE EVENING.

New Year's evening. The reception room at Arde Hall was a blaze of light; not with stifling gas, as is too much the fashion in these modern years, but with wax candles cool and pure. It was Mr. and Mrs. Arde's custom to give a grand dinner the first day of the year to as many guests as their dining-room would conveniently hold; and that was four-and-twenty. Four-and-twenty had been invited, but only two-and-twenty came. Sir Dene Clanswaring and his grand-son Tom were absent.

Dene sent an apology for himself; he had been to the office, and he was too much fatigued with sitting at his desk, as is too much the fashion in these modern years, but with wax candles cool and pure. It was Mr. and Mrs. Arde's custom to give a grand dinner the first day of the year to as many guests as their dining-room would conveniently hold; and that was four-and-twenty. Four-and-twenty had been invited, but only two-and-twenty came. Sir Dene Clanswaring and his grand-son Tom were absent.

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sent of the reply, as if it were still an answer, did strike her clearly after-wards. "I don't know what they may say; and I don't think it is of much use asking you not to believe them. I was always the scapegoat, you know; I shall be so to the end. May, I can no longer battle against the stream—and if I could, what end would it answer? It may be better for me that I should be away; but for leaving my dear old grandfather, I'd say there could not be a question of it. Think of me as kindly as you can, May."

Tom's tears were streaming down her cheeks. "Only tell me, Tom, that you have done nothing very wrong," she whispered, her mind a chaos of confusion and fear. Fear, she knew not of what; and perhaps her own want of clearness led to it. Mary Arde had never believed it possible that Sir Dene could turn against Tom to the length of disavowing him—without some ample cause.

"I have, they goaded me to it," was his answer, as he recalled the passion he had been in, the floor he had given the captain; for he attached no meaning to May's words, or suspected that she could really believe ill of him. "God bless and be with you always, May! I cannot stay longer, neither ought I to keep you out here. But I would not leave the place for good without seeing you."

"Why—why do you say it is for good?"

"You very sure that they who have prospered my best friend will take efficient care I don't return, May. That's why."

"Are we to part—like this?" she asked, her voice in its anguish rising almost beyond her own controlling calmness.

"Mary, my darling, don't tempt me. Do you know what it is costing me to part like this?—to stand here and say quietly to you, I am going? Have you not known for some time past that if I had dared—There! I must not go on; another moment and the temptation to speak will be greater than I can resist. You understand well, I fancy, why I am silent. Circumstances cast a wide barrier between us, and I may not presume to think of ever passing it. If there were but the least prospect of my achieving any position in the world, I might say to you I will hope, without forfeiting all honor; but there is none, and I do not."

She put out her trembling hands once more; she lifted her streaming eyes to his. To those wonderful blue eyes in their deep, earnest gaze, she might have felt as if she were wholly his. The temptation was too strong, and Tom Clanswaring bent his face on hers.

"It is but a cousin's kiss, Mary," he murmured; "we used to call ourselves cousins when we were children—taught so by Susan Cole. Surely none will grudge it us in parting. When I return—if ever I do—no doubt all danger will be over."

"Danger?" she breathed questioningly.

"The danger that the scapegoat might forget himself and his honor by speaking of love. When you are the wife of a more lucky man than I, I may come back, May. Never before, unless my grandfather recalls me."

"You give me up then?" she exclaimed in her pain; in the mortification that the renunciation undoubtedly brought to her.

"I do. I have no other resource. My parting blessing be upon you, Mary."

She drew her hand from his with a petulant gesture, and sped across the lawn, one bitter sob heaving from her lips; one more than bitter question from her heart—did he care for her? When girls love as romantically as did Mary Arde, they are apt to fancy that all else should give place to it. Tom Clanswaring was Sir Dene's grandson—and Mary resolutely thought he might have been content to wait and see whether fortune would not be kind, before he renounced her. He knew she had money—so they should not have starved! A few minutes alone in her chamber, reflecting the traces of the tall tale teller, as she was in the drawing

sample of barley, the farmer observing that twenty pounds of it was in gold and the rest in notes on the Worcester Old Bank, and that Sir Dene would find the amount correct. Sir Dene nodded; he had no doubt of that; and put the bag on the table, unopened. Mr. Parker, deeming refreshment left, being in a hurry, saying he would call for him in a day or two and drink a glass of ale then. After his departure, Sir Dene sat a few minutes in thought, and then with a deep sigh stood up, undid the bag, and counted the money. He was putting it back in the bag and tying the tape round the neck when Tom Clauwaring came in. The sight of him disturbed Sir Dene's thoughts. Hastily throwing the bag into the secretaire, the lid of which stood open, he was about to look it, when either from agitation or by accident he dropped the key. Tom stepped forward and picked it up, to save his grandfather stopping. Sir Dene locked the secretaire, but did not take the key out; for Tom had begun to speak, and he turned quickly to confront him in his anger, pointing imperiously to the door.

"Quit my presence!"

Not on the instant did Tom obey. He had come in to speak his contrition for the heat he had displayed an hour before, the passion given way to the presence of him, his grandfather. Not a syllable would Sir Dene hear; and by way of summarily cutting short the discussion, he went out of the room, leaving Tom in it. Gander standing at his pantry door, accosted his master as he was passing on to the dining-room to say that Cole, the farmer, was craving a minute's speech of Sir Dene.

"I can't see him; I can't attend to anything just now," interrupted Sir Dene. "Let him come later."

Gander had no need to repeat this to Cole, for the man was standing behind him and heard it. Cole had been regarded in the servants' hall with the account of the explosion, and that Mr. Tom was turned out. Saying he would call again towards night, he took his departure.

After passing the dining-room for three or four minutes in much perturbation, Sir Dene returned to the bay parlor. It was empty then—as he expected the door was shut, and all things were apparently undisturbed. Remembering that he had left the key in the lock of the secretaire, Sir Dene took it out before he sat down.

Rather a remarkable circumstance it was, and taken in conjunction with another remarkable circumstance to be told of immediately, Sir Dene did not again quit the bay parlor, but remained in it for the evening. He took nothing but a basin of soup for his dinner; and that he caused Gander to bring to him: the family, you remember, going to dine at the Hall. Between seven and eight o'clock he sent Gander to summon to his presence Tom Clauwaring, who was then upstairs packing his things. This was to be the last interview. Very coolly and distantly Sir Dene spoke to Tom, gave him a few concise instructions as to how he was to proceed to take the mail that night as it passed through Worcester on its way to Bristol, and thence travel to the latter place, where he could wait at only his instructions from Ireland. Taking out his pocket-book, he handed him a sum of money in notes for his journey, and something over, shook hands with him by way of farewell and dismissed him; wishing him, as a parting injunction, better behavior in another place than he had lately displayed at Beechhurst Dene. Tom would have lingered. He earnestly desired to say a word in his own defence—though, he it always understood, he was entirely ignorant of any particularly grave crime being attributed to him—so he said he would wait at only his grandfather was taking this extreme measure of discrediting him. But Sir Dene stopped him at the door; he refused to hear a word, and told him that he would not. And that was their final leave-taking. Tom completed his packing, and then went to seek the interview with May Arde. Sir Dene sat on, alone.

Between eight and nine Cole came again, and was admitted. His business was to get the prescription for some famous new horse medicine of which Sir Dene had spoken to him a week before, and promised the touch of Sir Dene went at once to the secretaire to get the paper, telling Cole to hold the light. The first thing that struck Sir Dene on pulling down the lid, was that the bag of money was gone. In his astonishment he spoke words which disclosed enough to Cole—the circumstances of the loss and the amount of money in the bag. Even as Sir Dene spoke, the thought flashed over him that it could only have been taken by Tom;—that no one else had had access to the room; and in his horror and fear lest such a disclosure on the name of Clauwaring should be published, he first of all enjoined the man to silence, and then strove to smooth the matter by saying it was possible the bag was not lost but had been removed to the safer quarters of his own chamber upstairs. Cole took his cue, and affected to believe that his honor would there find it. The horse-doctor was a keen man, and some muttered words of Sir Dene's, "What! his bag?—his bag?—his bag?—his bag?" almost made him doubt whether suspicion might not be turning on him. However, it was not a business that he could presume to intermeddle with. Thanking the baronet for the prescription, Cole said good-night with the most unconscious look in the world.

Then Sir Dene called Gander in, and bade him shut the door. "When I went out of this parlor to the dining-room earlier in the evening—do you mind it, Gander?" began he. "It was when you told me Cole had come up, and I said I would not see him. D'ye mind it, I ask?"

"Yes, Sir Dene."

"I had Mr. Tom in this parlor. How long did he stay in it? Did you notice him when he came out?"

"He didn't come out this way at all, Sir Dene. He must have left it by the window here."

"How d'ye know?"

"Well, sir, he was not in here when you came back again—I followed you in directly, if you remember, with the candles. And I'm sure he had not come out at the door while you were away, Sir Dene. If he had I must have seen him. Mr. Tom often goes out by the glass door window nor any other way, when he's waiting to go straight out of doors."

Sir Dene's eyes were—"Was came into the room but, while I was away from it?"

"Not a soul," replied Gander.

And that exactly accorded with Sir Dene's own impression. As he had not shut the door of the dining-room, he thought he must have seen them if they did. Nevertheless, he hoped the contrary, and spoke accordingly in his mind's explanation.

"Somebody did, I know."

"Somebody didn't, Sir Dene," returned Gander, with the familiarity of an old servant. "They couldn't. I never was beyond sight of the door."

It was true. Gander's pantry and Sir Dene's door were within view of each other on opposite sides of the passage. It was simply impossible that any one could have entered the bay parlor during the short interval in question, unseen by Gander.

"Did you see Mr. Tom when he came into it?" resumed Sir Dene, as if willing to put the extent of Gander's sight to the test.

"I watched him, sir. 'Twas just after Farmer Parker left. As Mr. Tom came down the passage, he asked me whether Sir Dene was in the bay parlor; I said yes, and he went in. I could hear him and him talk together for a half a minute, Sir Dene, and then he came out o'nt. Mr. Tom he didn't come out at all; he must have went through the glass door."

And with this conclusive evidence, what was Sir Dene Clauwaring to think but that Tom was the culprit. It was clear as though they had seen him do it, reiterated Lady Lydia.

Such was the story told to Mr. Arde. In the impulse of the moment he took up the belief as warmly as they did, assuming Tom could not be innocent, except by a miracle; that he had been driven into crime at last. And though he regarded it with nearly as much horror as Sir Dene—for was not Tom connected with him?—he felt a large amount of pity. "Turned out nearly penniless, I suppose, and so the temptation was too great," thought the Squire to himself, as he went out from the presence of Sir Dene. But this feeling of pity Lady Lydia unconsciously crushed.

"And yet, I can hardly think he'd do it!" burst forth Mr. Arde, a revolution of opinion setting in as he stood outside the front door, talking with her.

My lady glanced round, making sure they were quite alone, and sunk her voice to a whisper.

"You'd not say so if you knew all. The other thing he has been guilty of is worse than that."

"Worse than that?"

"At least—if not worse, it's something very bad indeed of another nature. People estimate offences with different eyes, you know, Mr. Arde. I think that might only have been expected from a man given to low tastes and low associations as is Tom Clauwaring."

"But what is the other thing that he has done?" resumed the Squire. "Can't you tell me?"

"I cannot tell you, dear Mr. Arde. The probability is that you will hear of it before long—for I should think the neighborhood is sure to get hold of it; but Sir Dene has forbidden it to be spoken of by any of us. My good son Jarvis too has begged me to be silent for the young man's sake. Ill as Tom Clauwaring has behaved, he is yet considerate for him."

Away went the Squire, the words burning a hole in his curiosity, and pursuing him mightily. For he was no wiser than ever, you see, as to what had driven Tom from Beechhurst Dene. "He must have turned out as a scoundrel of some sort," was his mental thought.

"Well?—what have you learnt?—what has led to his abrupt dismissal?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Arde, as her husband entered. Most excessively curious on her own score, she had been waiting with impatience the result of his visit to the Dene. May, standing by, held her breath as she listened for the answer.

"I can't come to the bottom of it," said Mr. Arde; "neither Sir Dene nor my lady seems inclined to speak out. There has been a series of general misconduct, I fancy, petty ill-doings one after another. Lady Lydia says no one can imagine what they have had to put up with from him, and how forbearing they have been. But—and Mr. Arde's tones fell to something like fear—"whatever his petty offences might have been, he need not have capped them with a crime."

May's trembling lips parted. "A crime!" echoed Mrs. Arde.

"He went off with a bag of money belonging to Sir Dene. Stole it from the secretaire."

"No!" passionately cried May. "That he never did."

Mr. Arde turned his eyes upon her in surprise.

"What are you frightened at, child? It does not affect you. I called out No, just as you have done, until I heard the facts."

"And was this what he was dismissed for?" inquired Mrs. Arde.

"No, no; did you not understand me? This occurred after his dismissal—as he has going away. I tell you I can't get at the truth of what he was sent away for," continued Mr. Arde. "Lady Lydia says it's too bad to be spoken of. I don't think they'd have told me about the theft of the money either, but for a word my lady let drop, and so I asked Sir Dene point blank. But, mark you, though it has been disclosed to me—this theft—I am connected with the fellow unfortunately, and that makes a difference—not a syllable of it must be breathed abroad. Lady Lydia, incensed though she has been to be accused Tom, begged me to bury it in silence for his own sake. As if I should proclaim it! The disgrace would reflect itself on me almost as much as on the Clauwaring."

Miss May metaphorically tossed her head. Incipiently rebellious. "It's all of a piece," ran her mental thoughts. "A long series of petty ill-doings, finishing off with something too bad to be spoken of, and a bag of money! Oh, the wicked slanders! They might just as well go and say that I had done it."

But that was destined to be an eventful night in more ways than one, and there's something else to be told of it. Somewhere about the hour that the money must have disappeared—that is, during the short interval Sir Dene was absent from the bay parlor—a little earlier or a little later as might have been, Mary Barber went over on an errand to Beechhurst Dene. Neighbors in rural districts borrow household trifles indiscriminately of one another; and if shops are within a reasonable reach, this is almost a matter of necessity. Harebell Farm happened to be out of a very insignificant commodity—lemons. Mr. Tillet, coming home in the course of the afternoon from attending the corn market at Worcester, the first market of the new year, told Mary Barber that he had invited some friends to spend the following day at the farm, and particularly desired that a lemon pudding should be made. Vexed at her own forgetfulness, she made no demur, but taking she would borrow the lemons from Beechhurst Dene. Sometimes the Dene borrowed things of her. So at dusk, Mary Barber,

putting on a shawl and bonnet, went across the lane on her errand. She had just entered the gate when a man came dashing down the path right upon her, and laid hold of her, as if for protection from some pursuing evil. Very considerably astonished was Mary Barber; and not the less so when she recognized the intruder through the dusk to be Randy Black. Randy in mortal fear. The man was completely unaltered; his face white, his hands shaking, his breath coming in gasps. In the moment's abandonment he confessed the cause of this—which he most assuredly would not have done at a calmer time. He had just seen Robert Owen.

The American started Mary Barber into nearly as much terror as his own. It was so long, too, now since anything of the kind had been talked of. Black, it appeared—at least this was his own account—was going to the Dene to try and get speech with Captain Clauwaring. He was about halfway down the path to the house, when some man (as he at first took it to be) glided out from between the trees and stood facing him. The next moment, Black saw that it was Robert Owen. Black turned tail and took to flight in awful terror; and so met Mary Barber. Mary Barber, listening to this, looking at the gloomy path before her, the dark winter trees around her, decided to let the lemons be just then and send somebody else for them by-and-by.

They passed out of the gate together, Black sticking very close to her. She went back to her own gate—he went too: it actually seemed as if the man dared not just then be without some companionship. He was getting better of his illness, but was very ailing still—and Mr. Prior had ordered him not to go out. Which order Black paid no manner of attention to. The cart's boy at Harebell Farm, leaving work for the night, came through the farm gate in his smock frock, whistling.

"If ye'll go up along o' me to the inn and bring down a physic bottle as I want took to Dr. Prior's, I'll gi' ye a sixpence, Ned Pound," said Black.

And Mary Barber could not help noticing how the man's voice shook still.

"I'll go, and thank ye," replied Ned Pound, after a pause of doubt as to whether so astoundingly magnificent an offer could be real—for the boy had never had a sixpence of his own in his whole life. "I say, what makes your teeth rattle so?"

"It's this confounded cold night," replied Black; "enough to freeze one's bones it is. Come along."

Mary Barber looked after them as they went up the lane, Black's hand on the lad's shoulder. The extreme terror when displayed by such a hardened man as Black, struck her, and always had struck her, as being marvellously strange.

"He didn't dare go on by himself," thought she; "that physic bottle's nought but a lame excuse. A whole sixpence to give! Ned Pound'll be rich. And now—what should he have brought back the poor master again? I'd thought he was laid."

What indeed. But in this one instance Black's might and fearfulness failed. The figure he had taken for an apparition, was no other than one of flesh and blood—Major Fife's. It will be remembered that Sir Dene Clauwaring and Gander both noticed the striking resemblance that Major Fife bore to the late Robert Owen.

It happened that Major Fife had come over from Worcester that afternoon to press his claims again on Jarvis Clauwaring. Totally declining to be put off any longer with vague promises, which Jarvis could alone give, the Major (not caring in his own interest to proceed to extremities), discussed the face of things as they walked together amidst the winter trees, both of them smoking. To appeal to Sir Dene—as Major Fife had threatened to do, there and then—would not serve the cause, Jarvis assured him, but the contrary; most probably destroy all hope from that quarter for the future. Jarvis offered to give him a legal undertaking to repay a portion of the money, if not all, by that day fortnight, the 15th of January. It was the best he could do. You can get blood out of a stone. Captain Clauwaring was tolerably candid about the state of his affairs; and the Major, clearly seeing there was no chance of making better terms, was fain to accept these. While Jarvis went in to write the document, the Major, preferring still to remain where he was and finish his tobacco, strolled in and out amidst the trees, and down the path; and thus ensued the encounter with Black. The man's extraordinary behavior, evidently the result of terror, astonished Major Fife not a little. He mentioned it to Captain Clauwaring on his return with the paper: the Captain fancied by the description given of the man, that it must be Randy Black; but he could not account for his conduct. Major Fife at once departed in the gig; which James, the groom, had been taking charge of at the front entrance.

And as Ned Pound was coming down Harebell Lane, with the physic bottle and the promised sixpence, he met Captain Clauwaring striding up to the Trailing Indian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the Misses Collier of Geneva, N. Y., reached their uncle's house at Rochester, Wednesday, they were surprised to find a hearse standing at the door, and horrified on finding that the dead was their sister Eva, whom they had come to visit. While giving way to the outburst of grief which naturally followed, a dispatch came from Geneva announcing that their sister at home, who was well when they left her in the morning, had suddenly died.

Saratoga water is good for a torpid liver, but bad for weak stomach and bowels.

Of eighty-three ladies who left a popular restaurant at Boston one day last week, only nine came out of the door looking in the direction they meant to pursue; the rest all took half a dozen paces while they were looking the contrary way. A person paid to take notes so reported, and a heavy wager was won on it.

Better on cabbage boiled to dine
If love be at the board,
Than best beefsteak and finest wines
You cannot well afford.

Considering how often Horace Greeley tells people to "go West," he is jealously styled a West Pointer.

Napoleon visits London every day, generally following along the sunny side of Bond street, or haunts the bow windows of a club-house. He is very popular with the working-classes, who cheer him, and he is getting very fat.

An exchange, wanting to compliment a "Live Stock Journal," says it is edited by a man whose head is chuck full of live stock. Doubtful compliment.

THE SEA SHORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAPE MAY, July 26th, 1871.

DEAR POST:—Here I am at Cape May, enjoying, as Mrs. Farrington would say, "the optimum case digitale" in perfection. The sea shore is the only place where I can sit still and do nothing. Everywhere else, Conscience will cry, "Up and be doing," if I am able for five minutes of the time in which my feeble health allows me to work. But here I stand on the sun-lit balcony, lounge in the ladies' parlor, or inhale the strength-imparting breezes on the beach, gasp from sea to sky, from wave to cloud, and restfully feel that "the present moment is my own."

Cape May is, as usual, affluent in style and beauty, and the entertainments are brilliant and varied. A series of Children's Hops has been inaugurated—and although I am one of the old-fashioned theorists, who think that children are best in bed after eight o'clock in the evening, I could not help contemplating with pleasure the pretty faces, graceful forms, and twinkling feet of the juvenile performers—until I almost fancied that a detachment from Fairyland, headed by Oberon and Titania in person, had come down to enjoy the bathing season at Cape May.

And the Queens Bath! That inspiring, almost intoxicating luxury. To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands may be very exciting, but I prefer a series of rounds with the white-clothed breakers. And oh! the transformations exhibited before and after the bath. Fairies, Nymphs, Mermaids, trip down to the watery ordeal and emerge from it pale, blue, tremulous, Peter and Goliath, until dry clothes and fresh air bring back the fugitive roses. I cannot understand why the old mythologists made Venus arise from the sea. Our Yankee Venuses look like anything but goddesses as they come up dripping and d-d-dripped from being "interviewed" by the Tritons.

Yesterday we had a fearful storm. People say that the waves rose higher than had been known for many years. From the Inlet on the West, and the Ocean on the East, came the threatening waters—and although the Philadelphia House stands high, we felt rather "dubious" for a little while. But Neptune and his cohorts retired as rapidly as they had advanced; and the beach meadows, like patriotic Irishmen, are "wearing of the green."

Imprisoned by the storm, we all retreated to the ladies' parlor, and organized a literary entertainment—readings and recitations. Mrs. J. L. R., a lady as remarkable for her mental endowments as for her social and domestic graces, read "The Roll Call" and "Errors of the Press"—two pieces very distinguished in style, yet she executed both to perfection. The star-eyed Miss Nina M.—did full justice to herself and her teacher, in "Malibran's Charity" and "The Ghost"; and the graceful Miss Clara G. G. gave us "Sheridan's Ride" so spiritedly, that we almost heard the hoof-beats. Mrs. A. B. was on hand, of course, when Readings were in progress, and from her we had "The Myrtle and Steel," "The Legend of Syracuse," &c., and the party broke up mutually pleased and complimentary.

But there goes the dinner bell, "that token of the soul." Good-by till I have time to write again.

ANNA AMARANTH.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., author of "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," &c. Professor Tyndall appears to have done a vast amount of climbing among the Alps, a record of which, in his own clear and charming style, with scientific explanations when needed, is here laid before the reader. A number of excellent engravings illustrate the text. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

ALMOST FAULTLESS. A Story of the Present Day. By the author of "A Book for Governors." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

LITTLE GRMS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. Compiled by S. H. PIERCE. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE IRON MARK. Fourth Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By ALEXANDER DUMAS, author of "The Count of Monte Christo," &c., Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The August number contains "Werewolves and Swan Maidens," by John Fluke; "My Father's Shipwreck," by Nicholas Ferrar, by G. A. E.; "The Stager," by J. G. Whittier, &c. Published by James H. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE TRANSLANTIC MAGAZINE. The August number contains its usual excellent variety of selections from foreign periodicals. Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philadelphia.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. The August number contains "Bivouac and Battle," "The Doctor's Daughter," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RULES AND REGULATIONS of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, commencing on September 6, 1871. See Advertisement.

SIZE OF HATS.—The Philadelphia Ledger says that hat and cap manufacturers in different quarters of the United States use different sizes of hats and caps as standard sizes. Boston and the Eastern States use the smallest sizes, New York and the Middle States use the medium to largest sizes, and Chicago and the Western States require the largest sizes. Goods manufactured for one market cannot be sold for the other, only in exceptional cases. The South uses a shape peculiar to themselves and of large size. The largest hats, however, do not always cover the largest heads—as height has a good deal to do with that, as well as circumference of base.

The Common Council of Rochester lately requested the Police Commissioners of that city to enforce the state law for the observance of the Sabbath. The strict enforcement of this law would require the arrest of all persons riding out, and the compelling them to show that they were on lawful errands; the milk vendors could not sell after nine A. M.; the railroad men, and travellers, and employees of the gasworks would all need checking. It was such a big job that the Police Commissioners did not attempt it.

Grapes are sold at a cent and a half a pound in the vineyards in California, and would pay handsomely at half the price.

"Askers."

A writer tells this odd story of life in London:—A lady residing in the West End, and not far from Portland place, had a servant in whom she took considerable interest, and partly because she had received faithful service from her. This domestic, as the manner of domestic now is (generally by stipulation and contract), had a follower named John Armstrong. To all appearance he was a respectable man, and perfectly unobjectionable in every particular. So confident was she of his excellent character, from his appearance, that the girl's mistress allowed him visits without the slightest hesitation, and took an interest in the girl's welfare—being anxious, as she expressed it, to see her comfortably settled. Judging from the exterior, he was a clerk in some bank, or cashier to some private firm. In due time the marriage came off, and the couple left town for their humble honeymoon of a week, toward the expenses of which the bride's ex-mistress contributed a generous amount, besides exerting herself to see that the little home in Islington was neatly furnished and ready to receive the "happy pair" when they returned to town. Some few days after this latter event the lady called upon her late domestic, and found her comfortably settled and apparently as happy as a queen. The following colloquy took place between them on the occasion:

Mistress—Mary, I have often wondered what business your husband is in; what is he?

Maid—He's an asker, ma'am.

Mistress—A what, Mary?

Mistress—Yes, I suppose he does, if he's an "asker." But what does it mean?

The young bride colored, and for some time declined to answer the question, but on being pressed she confessed that her husband was a professional beggar. "He asked," the lady was perfectly thunderstruck, as may be imagined, and with an exclamation on the debit of man in general, left the house with a determination never to return. She was grievously enraged with herself that her good nature had been imposed upon at the expense of her judgment.

This was the modest overland of the "asker," as learned from his wife, who had grown so accustomed to the peculiar profession of her husband that she failed evidently to see its shortcomings, the fact of its placing them in a state of independent comfort rounding off many of the corners it might otherwise have possessed. Early in the morning he left his charming little residence in Islington, and wended his way to the classic precincts of Shoreditch. A certain house in one of the crowded streets of that locality was his rendezvous, and that of his singular tribe. Here they changed their clothing, and called forth on their begging and beggary calling. Late at night they returned, changed their clothes again, repaired to their homes, where they lived—and in fact do live now—in comparative luxury. Mr. Armstrong, I understand, clears one hundred and fifty pounds a year at his trade, which, as his wife says, is indubitably "respectable." "Besides," she adds, "so long as he sets his living honestly, what does it matter to anybody?"

The house of this celebrated couple is scrupulously neat and clean; and probably because John debar himself of certain comforts during the day, it is stored with blessings for him at night. He has solved the problem, how to live without working, and indiscriminate charity is enabling him day by day to live almost, if not quite, at his ease.

There are at present upward of 2,000,000 of the population of the earth who have a depraved appetite for human flesh, make no scruples of butchering a mission, and would toast the prettiest baby in Christendom for breakfast without compunction. It is gratifying to learn that the habits of these people are gradually diminishing their numbers.

Our railroad superintendents are greatly disturbed to accommodate fashionable summer tourists. Where a trunk is larger than a car the difficulty is somewhat embarrassing.

No less than two hundred and twenty-four life insurance companies have been wound up in Great Britain within the last twenty-six years. This is twice as many as now exist there.

In Missouri, the other day, a swarm of bees alighted upon a little boy who was in a field with his father, who bade him keep perfectly still. The bees hung from his ears, chin, and nose in great bunches, and clung in thick clusters on every part of his body. After they had all settled, the father removed the boy's cap from his head to a bush, and the entire swarm followed. The lad received only one sting during the startling performance. Strange things happen out West.

At Springfield, Mass., recently, one of the pews in a Presbyterian church was occupied by two young men and a young woman who sat between them. As they appeared to pay little attention to the remarks of the minister, and seemed engaged in something very attractive among themselves, the action stopped up, and then he saw the young lady's dress drawn tightly across her knees, and the trio engaged in an exciting game of roque at 35 cents a corner. Many of the congregation fainted upon learning the true state of affairs, and the minister fears the church is forever disgraced.

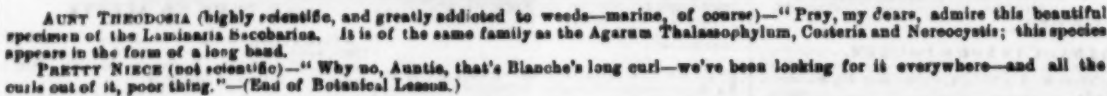
Teresa Gambardella, a girl of thirteen, a native of Palermo, has recently attracted much attention in Vienna by the fact that her body is so thickly covered with hair that it more resembles fur than anything else. Even her forehead—the first instance of the kind on record—is covered; her head is very similar to a monkey's, and different parts of her figure bear out the striking similarity. Her habits and peculiarities correspond with those of the quadrumanous species, and the interest she has excited in the public and among the scientific class is altogether unprecedented. There seems to be a remarkable illustration of Darwin's theory.

One of the characteristics of hotel clerks is illustrated in an incident which occurred at Saratoga. General Sherman arrived at midnight at a prominent hotel, dressed in an old soiled duster, buttoned close to his throat, with his straggling red beard radiating in a thousand separate and distinct directions, and without giving his name, inquired if he could have a room. The clerk, in the blandest manner, informed him that he had just one left, a rear room, in the fourth story. When the clerk had read the name of the distinguished guest, he had no difficulty in finding a splendid room vacant on the ground floor in front.

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

Late News from England.

A TONGUE THAT NEVER LIED.—An old man, writing his reminiscences of old times, says:—"I dined one day at Dr. Baldwin's. While carrying, the doctor observed, 'Who will have a piece of tongue that never told a lie? Can this be said of all my guests?'"



The Auto's Visitation.

"I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the house, for a place of retreat: but to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever. The ants had commenced an attack on the *rots* and *maiz*, which, strange as it may seem, were so much for their apparently insignificant foes. These surrounded them as they had the insect alive, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of purpose that no one

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letter addressed to me from the Post-office-and, to add insult to injury, has used it out, to against me. I am engaged to a person whom I no longer like. I have lately been corresponding with another person for whom I have a great regard. Do you think this correspondence objectionable? It was one of his letters that was taken out by the party to whom I am engaged, and he has not only accused me of falsehood to him, but has talked freely and

N. W. (TEXAS) writes: "I have a roll of my own hair that measures two feet and a half the longest part—a y of it is more than two feet long—four inches around the twist. Please inform me if I can sell it, and how much I can get." We have inquired at three places, and can not find there is any market for hair in this city. They all say they use the already cleaned and prepared European hair. You had better have it made into a braid for your own use at New Orleans—as it is much nicer to wear your own hair than a other people's.

Effect of Trees on Climate.

In continuation of the same subject, Mr. DuRoi remarks, that as air is heated by contact with the soil, and if trees shelter the soil from the solar radiation, they must diminish the force of the sun's rays, especially in the lower strata of the atmosphere. The exhalation of moisture by trees produces cold in the air by abstracting the latent heat from it. This lowering of the tempera-

BUTTERMILK.—Persons who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because it is slightly acid, in consequence of the presence of lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the lactic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. The Welsh peasants almost live upon oats and buttermilk. Invalids suffering from indigestion will do well to drink buttermilk at meal times.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 85 letters.

My 1, 6, 21, 16, 12, was a celebrated man.

My 2, 18, 14, 7, was an ancient prophet.

My 8, 35, 9, 29, 23, was an ancient river.

My 10, 17, 4, 14, 35, was an ancient city.

My 12, 18, 16, 26, 32, was a musical instrument.

My 16, 4, 25, 14, 28, was an ancient officer.

My 22, 34, 8, 20, was an article of food.

My 24, 5, 30, 17, 35, was used in slaughtering.

My 26, 10, 12, 14, 35, was an ancient monarch.

My 31, 9, 32, 11, 4, was an ancient town.

My 33, 16, 15, 5, 3, was an ancient city.

My whole is recorded in the Bible.

Shigfl, Pa. ISOLA.

References

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every place.

Stability Problem.

If four dice be piled up at random on a horizontal plane, what is the probability that the pile will not fall down?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Comendrușe.

Q Why is a man who stakes his money in a gambling-house like a star? **A**ns.—Because he's an asterisk (as-to-risk).

Q Why is an accepted suitor like a criminal? **A**ns.—Because he ought to be transported.

Q. Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? **Ans.**—Because he is the greatest? (nearest).

Q. Why is your older brother like grass in a meadow? Ans.—Because he's past your age (outgrown).

Q. When is a tragedian like a sable bird of the crow species? **Ans.**—When he's a ravin'.

Q. When does a gambler resemble a stogy man at a bar? **A.**—When he orders something up and goes it alone.

Answers to Last.
METAGRAM—Box car car far, far, car.

CONCLUSION

WORD SQUARE—

B	E	D
E	R	E
D	E	N

RECEIPTS.

CUT FLOWERS.—The first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase. If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must necessarily conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green, or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiswood, silver, bronze, or yellow star conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds.

A bowl for roses. Tall-spreading vase for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like. Dais for violets and tiny wood flowers. Baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lover will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each season.

Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—whites, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft unisons.

Certain flowers assert well only in families, and are spoiled by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet peas, whose tender liquid hues are as those of drifting sunset clouds. Others may be made with good effect. In arranging a large basket or vase it is well to mentally divide it into small groups, making each group perfectly harmonious with itself, and blending the whole with green and delicate colors. And, above all, avoid stiffness. Let a bright dendril or spray of vine spring forth here and there, and wander over and around the vase at its will.

The water should be warm for a winter case—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little malt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather, to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, set as beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in city, and as reward by their beautiful presence to the kind hand which arranged and tended them.—*Smith's & the Magazine*